

NATIONAL

COMICS

10¢

UNCLE SAM

TWO
THOUSAND
SAVAGE MOROS
AGAINST FOUR
STALWART MEN!
... UNCLE SAM
COMES THROUGH
IN A SMASH
FINISH!

MERLIN
THE
MAGICIAN

WONDER
BOY

SALLY
ONEIL

PEN
MILLER

and
many
others

[illegible]

SM
9

NATIONAL

SEPTEMBER
No. 3

COMICS

10¢

Starring
UNCLE SAM

IN AN ACTION
ADVENTURE IN THE
PHILIPPINES

TWO
THOUSAND
SAVAGE MOROS
AGAINST FOUR
STALWART MEN!
... UNCLE SAM
COMES THROUGH
IN A SMASH
FINISH!

MERLIN
THE
MAGICIAN



WONDER
BOY



SALLY
O'NEIL



PEN
MILLER



and
many
others



THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY \$1.00

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

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To help you even farther, you get Free with this special offer a 24 page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Reading it that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing booklet sent free while this offer lasts.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case for the best of style and bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 6 row keyboard, ball spacer, margin stop and margin release, double shift key, two color ribbon and automatic feeder, variable line space, paper fingers, makes as many as seven carbon, takes paper 9 1/2" wide, writes from 6 1/2" wide black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not fully satisfied, we will take it back paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.



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OFFER.

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NOW!

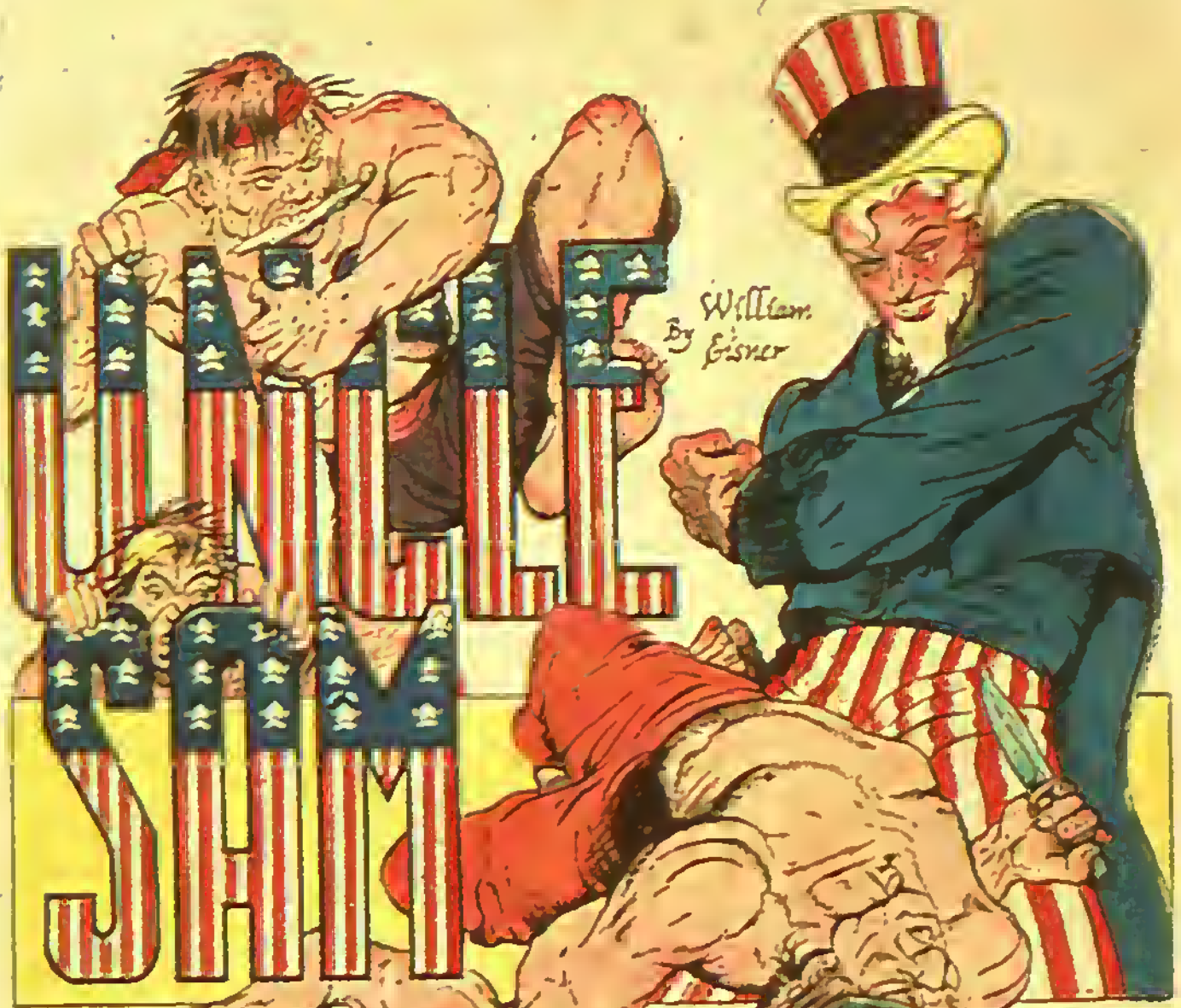
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Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Booklet, for as little as 10c a day. Send Catalogue.

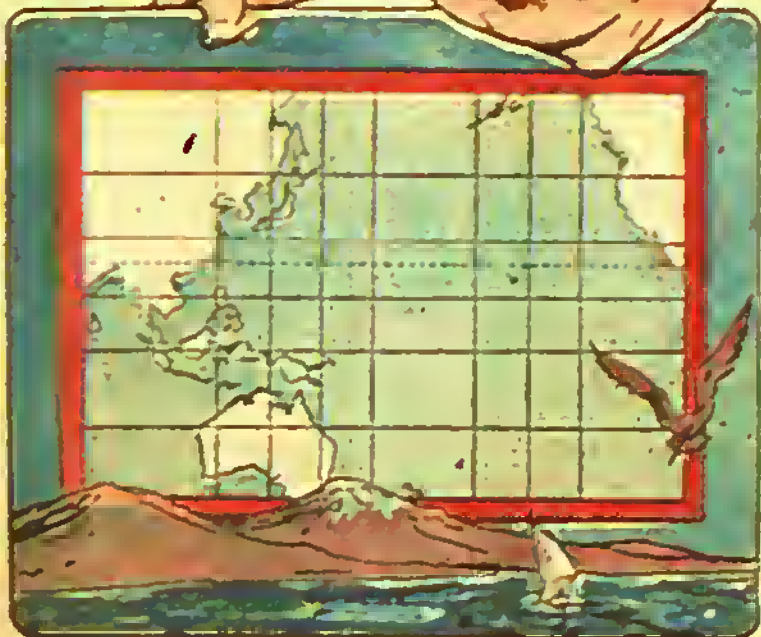
Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



By William Eisner



IN A SMALL ASIATIC POWER.

IT IS A DAY OF HIGH FESTIVITY. THE CHANCELLOR IS ADDRESSING HIS PEOPLE.



AND MY PEOPLE, OUR ARMY AND NAVY HAVE NOW REACHED MIGHTY PROPORTIONS! WE ARE READY...I PROMISE YOU THAT OUR WAITING LEGIONS SHALL ASTOUND THE WORLD WITH THEIR PROWESS!

MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE PACIFIC IN AMERICA, A FAMILIAR FIGURE LISTENS INTENTLY TO THE VOICE ON A SHORT WAVE RADIO.



KNOWING LANGUAGES DOESN'T MAKE A FELLER SMART. IT'S UNDERSTANDING THINGS AND PEOPLE. NOW THIS FELLOW SPEAKING ON THE RADIO... HE'S A CRUEL, AMBITIOUS MAN.



SPENT ALL HIS PEOPLES MONEY FOR GUNS AND AMMUNITION. NOW THEY'RE STARVING... HE'S AFRAID THEY'LL REVOLT. SO HE'S GOING OUT TO STEAL SOME LAND PROBABLY THE PHILIPPINES. NOW THAT THEY'RE INDEPENDENT. HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

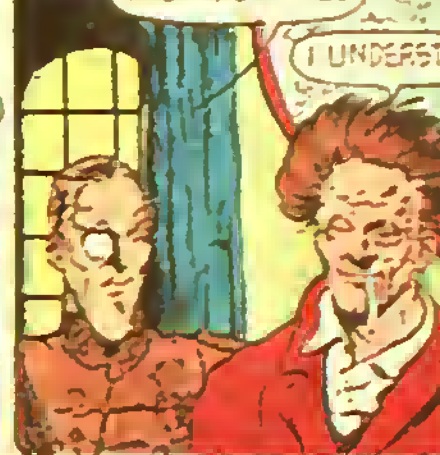
GETTING PACKED. WHEN YOU TALK LIKE THAT, I KNOW WE'RE HEADED FOR ADVENTURE!



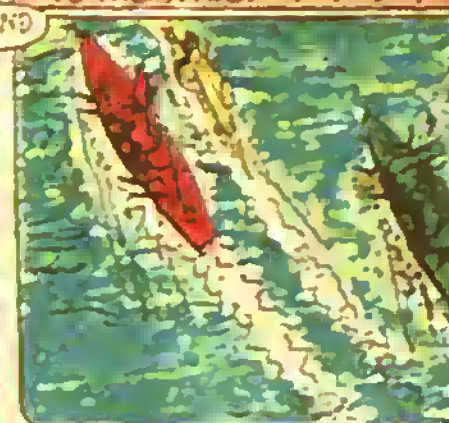
AND BACK IN ASIA:



YIFFENDI, YOU WILL STIR UP TROUBLE. KEEP THE AUTHORITIES BUSY. OUR GUN BOATS WILL BE READY. WE'LL MARCH IN TO "KEEP PEACE" WITH THE PHILIPPINES!



AND WITH THE TERRIBLE SWIFTHNESS OF A WELL-OILED MACHINE, EAGER EYES OF THE AGENTS ARE ON HAND TO WATCH THE AMERICAN GUN-BOATS LEAVE THE PHILIPPINES TO THEIR FATE.



BUT THEY DO NOT NOTICE A LITTLE SHIFF SCUD BETWEEN THE SUM GREYHOUNDS AND ENTER THE HARBOR.



WELL, HERE WE ARE, BUDDY! THE PHILIPPINES. RICH AND FREE A FAT PRIZE FOR A SCHEMING COUNTRY.

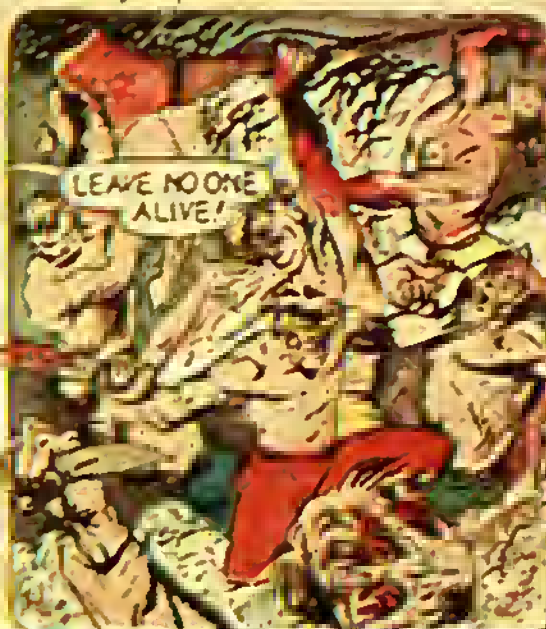
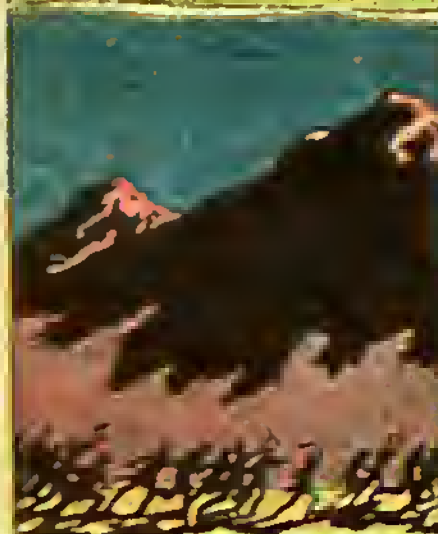


AND NOT FAR AWAY ON THAT SAME ISLAND

WELL, HERE WE ARE THE PHILIPPINES! RICH AND FREE A FAT PRIZE FOR A SMART COUNTRY!



AND SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, A WELL-ARMED BAND SWOOPS OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS ON A SMALL TOWN.

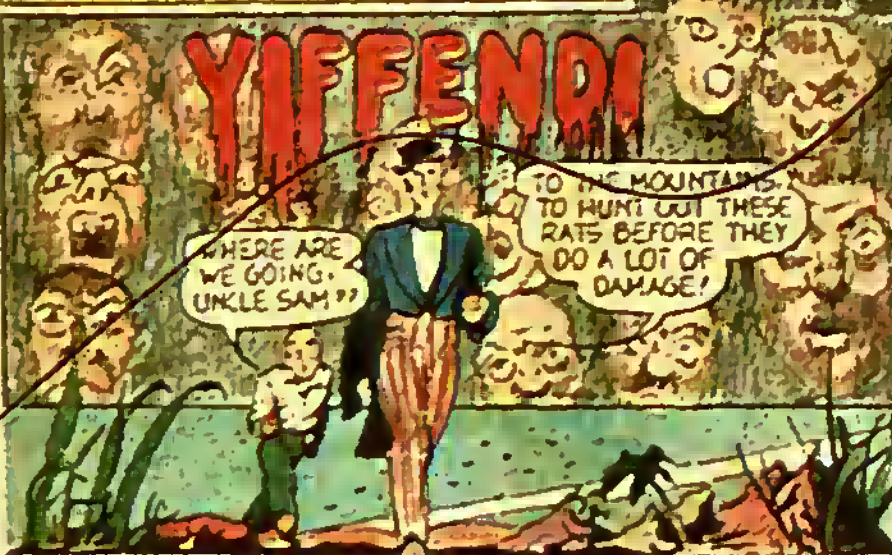


LEAVE NO ONE ALIVE!



THIS IS YIFFENDI. I HEREBY PROCLAIM A NEW GOVERNMENT.

AND ACROSS THE ISLANDS, THE WORD SPELLS TERROR. FOR THE FILIPINOS KNOW THAT A FOREIGN INVADER HAS STRUCK.



WHERE ARE WE GOING, UNCLE SAM??

TO THE MOUNTAINS, TO HUNT OUT THESE RATS BEFORE THEY DO A LOT OF DAMAGE!

ACROSS THE ROUGH TERRAIN, UP TERRIFIED MOUNTAINS, THEY FOLLOW THE BLOODY TRAIL...



DEAD! A MASSACRE!



LOOK! PHILIPPINE SOLDIERS! HUNDREDS OF THEM! ALL DEAD!

GAD!



COUPLE OF THESE FELLOWS ALIVE JUST UNCONSCIOUS

YIFFENDI UUUUUH

THE NEXT MORNING, A LITTLE ARMY OF FOUR SET OUT TO STOP TWO THOUSAND TRIBESMEN.

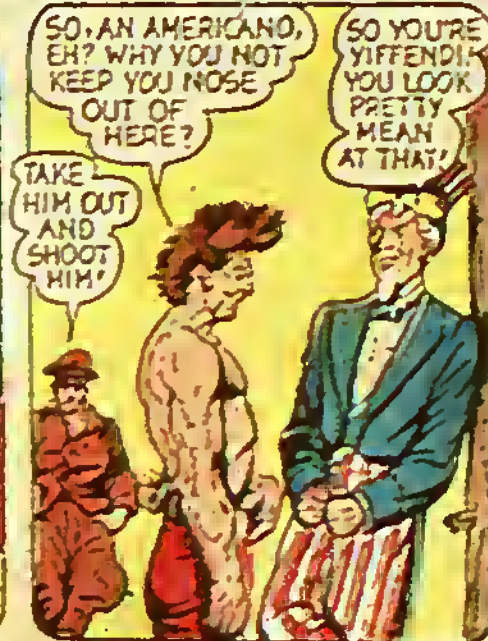


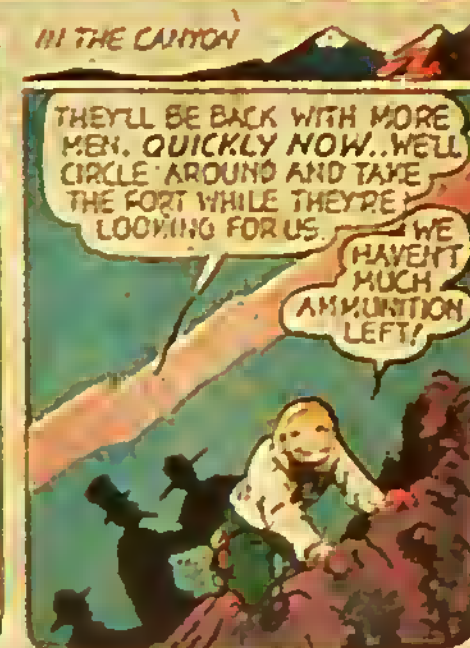
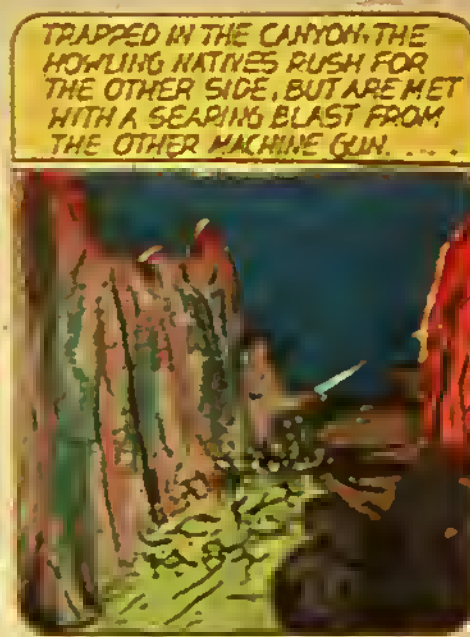
NOT KNOW HOW CAN STOP 2000 MOROS, MR. SAM.

WE'LL FIGURE THAT OUT LATER.



AND A SHORT WHILE LATER...





YIFFENDI
AND
HIS
MEN
ARRIVE
AT
THE
CANYON.

GONE!
NO ONE
HERE!

HEAVY
WHILE
AT THE
FORT.

ONLY
TEN
MEN
LEFT IN
IT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER FOUR
SHOUTING FIGURES DROP ON
THE SURPRISED MEN.

RIDE 'EM,
COWBOY!

AND PUTTING HIS MIGHTY
STRENGTH AGAINST THE
OAKEN DOOR, UNCLE SAM
BARRICADES THE FORT.

FROM HERE WE CAN HOLD THIS
FORT AGAINST YIFFENDI..BUT
WHAT OF THE BATTLESHIPS?
THEY'LL LAND
TROOPS!

I'LL TAKE
CARE OF
THAT!

LOOK, YIFFENDI HAS
RETURNED..THE BOYS
ARE HOLDING
THE FORT!

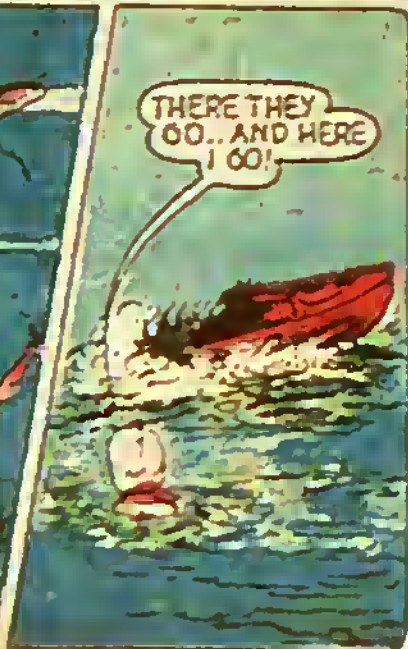
BRAVE
LADS!
CHON,
BUDDY

IN A FEW
MINUTES
THEY
ARRIVE
AT THE
SHORE...

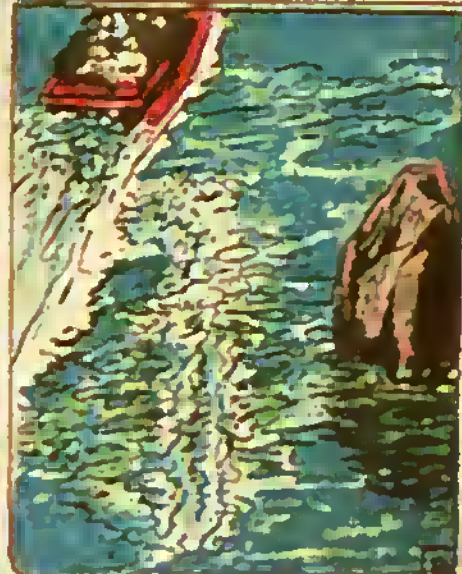
BUDDY, YOU STAY
ASHORE... KEEP
HIDDEN. I'LL PICK
YOU UP LATER...
DON'T LOSE MY
CLOTHES.

THEY'RE
LANDING
MEN IN A
MOTOR
BOAT!

WITH A FEW POWERFUL STROKES,
UNCLE SAM OVERTAKES THEM.

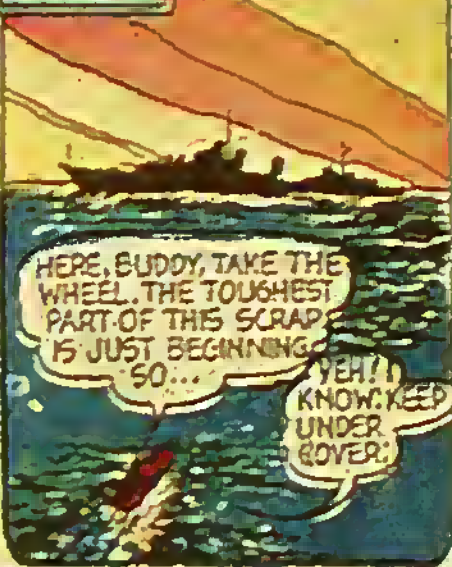


THERE THEY
GO... AND HERE
I GO!





THE TWO HEAD OUT TOWARD THE BATTLESHIP LYING IN THE HARBOR.



HERE, BUDDY, TAKE THE WHEEL. THE TOUGHEST PART OF THIS SCRAPE IS JUST BEGINNING.

SO... YEH! I KNOW: KEEP UNDER COVER!

THE MOTORBOAT PULLS ALONG - SIDE THE DESTROYER.



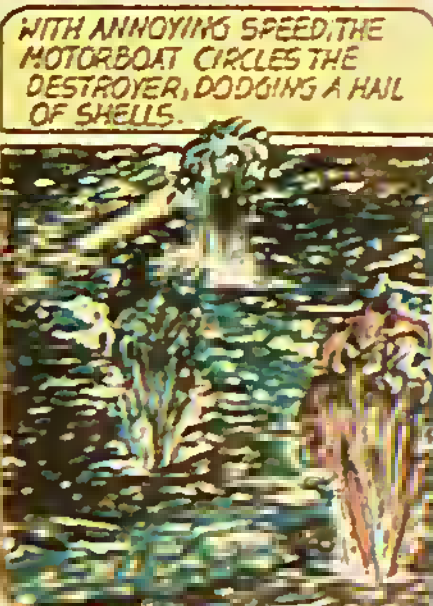
GET OUT OF THIS HARBOR, OR WE'LL SINK YOU!

HA HA! THAT LITTLE BOAT SINK US! ALL THEY HAVE ON IT IS A TORPEDO, A MINE AND A COUPLE OF RAPID-FIRE ANTI AIRCRAFT!

AND THAT'S PLENTY! NUMBER FOUR FIRE!

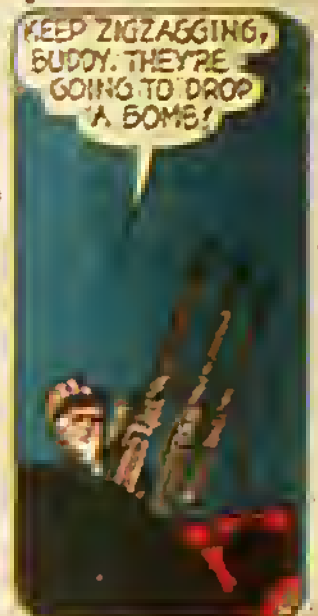


LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT!



WITH ANNOYING SPEED, THE MOTORBOAT CIRCLES THE DESTROYER, DODGING A HAIL OF SHELLS.

THE SHIP HOISTS ANCHOR AS A PLANE SWOOPS FROM HER DECK.



KEEP ZIGZAGGING, BUDDY. THEY'RE GOING TO DROP A BOMB!

AND EVEN AS THE BOMB DROPS, UNCLE SAM'S DEADLY FIRE RAKES THE PLANE.



IT SCREAMS EARTH-WARD.

THE BOMB NARROWLY MISSES..



DUCK!



NOW TO SINK THAT DESTROYER, BEFORE THEY GET US!

MEANWHILE AT THE FORT, THE TWO SOLDIERS HOLD GRIMLY ON.

WE'RE OUT OF AMMUNITION. IN A FEW MINUTES... I'LL HOLD ON ALONE... NO NEED FOR BOTH OF US TO...



NO... I'M STAYING WITH YOU. I'VE A RIGHT TO DIE FOR MY COUNTRY TOO!

YOU FORGET, I AM YOUR SUPERIOR OFFICER! GO!



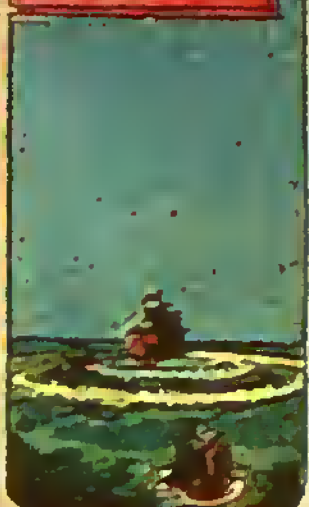
REFUSE!

MUTINY, EH?... (GULP) OH, VERY WELL. HELP ME PILE UP THIS DYNAMITE... THAT GATE WON'T HOLD MUCH LONGER!



WE'LL GIVE THEM A HOT RECEPTION!

UNCLE SAM STILL CIRCLES THE DESTROYER LIKE A MAD HORNET.



ON THE DECK, UNCLE SAM RISES TO HIS FEET HOLDING A MINE.



GOIN' TO BE MY OWN MINE LAYER!



HE'S THROWIN' A MINE AT US! JUMP!



AND BARRIED IN THE BLOOD-RED RAYS OF THE SETTING SUN, THE SHIP SETTLES RAPIDLY INTO THE SEA.



C'MON, BUDDY, WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE FORT!

THE GATE OF THE FORT SPLINTERS, AND WITH A CRY OF VICTORY, YIFFEND'S MEN SWARM IN.



BLEW THEMSELVES UP WITH THE FORT AND YIFFEND'S MEN! BRAVE LADS!!

GOSH!

THE INVADER WILL NOT DARE TO LET THE WORLD KNOW WHY IT HAD A BATTLESHIP IN THE HARBOR... AND WITH THE REVOLT CRUSHED, I RECKON THE PHILIPPINES WILL BE SAFE FOR AWHILE!



AND THAT'S THE END OF THE STORY

PROP POWERS

BY
Lynn Byrd

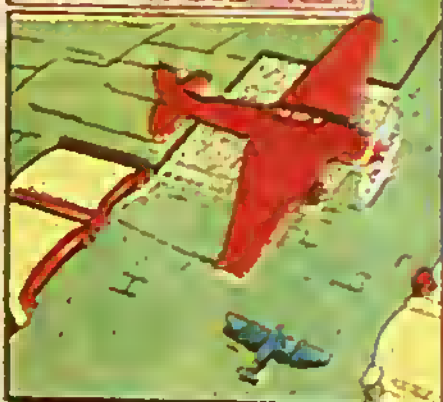
CAUGHT IN THE MAELSTROM OF A WAR
BETWEEN RIVAL AIR TRANSPORT
COMPANIES, "PROP" POWERS FINDS
HIMSELF AN IMPORTANT FIGURE
IN THE STRUGGLE.



ON A LATE AFTERNOON, A SLEEK PLANE
DROVES TOWARD ONSHEAD AIRPORT
JUST OUTSIDE OF LONDON.



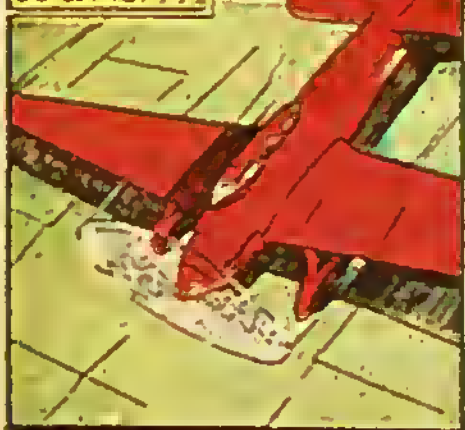
CIRCUING OVER THE FIELD, IT
PREPARES TO LAND



ONCE ON THE RUNWAY, THE PILOT
GIVES UP THE GUN, AND ROLLS AT
POCKET SPEED FOR THE AIRPORT
CONTROL BUILDING.



UNSWERVING, IT NEARS THE
BUILDING.



AND CRASHES HEADLONG INTO
THE WALL, SCATTERING BRICKS,
GLASS AND WRECKAGE IN ALL
DIRECTIONS.



...IN THE MIDST OF THIS TURMOIL,
THE PILOT CRAWLS OUT OF THE
BLAZING FRAMEWORK.



AND DASHES TO A WAITING CAR,
BEFORE ANYONE CAN STOP HIM.



SECONDS LATER, THE CAR HURTLES
DOWN THE ROAD.



WHILE SPECTATORS GAZE IN
ASTONISHMENT...



AFTER AN HOUR'S DRIVE, THE CAR PULLS UP BEFORE A FAIRLY OLD COTTAGE.



IN A BACK ROOM, PROP POWERS IS A PRISONER. HE HEARS THE MEN ENTER.



WORKING HIS WAY TO THE DOOR, PROP LISTENS.



WHAT'S OUR NEXT JOB? THE PRESIDENT OF PROP'S TRANSPORT COMPANY IS FLYING TO AMERICA.



HE DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT OUR PILOTS GONNA CRASH HIM INTO THE CONTROL BUILDING OVER THERE. JUST LIKE IT HAPPENED HERE. THEY LEAVE IN A HALF HOUR.



DESPERATELY, PROP WRIGGLES HIS BOUND HANDS AND FEET. FINALLY THE ROPES LOOSEN.



HE LEAPS TO THE WINDOW.



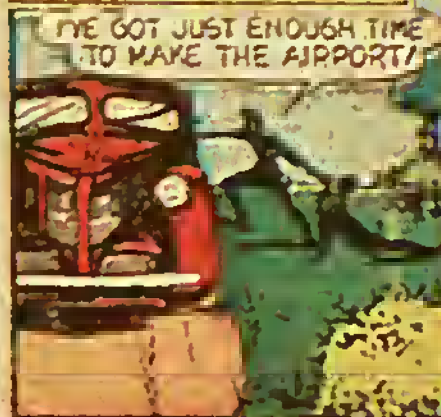
BUT A GUARD BLOCKS HIM.



I WAS JUST LEAVING. WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN ME?

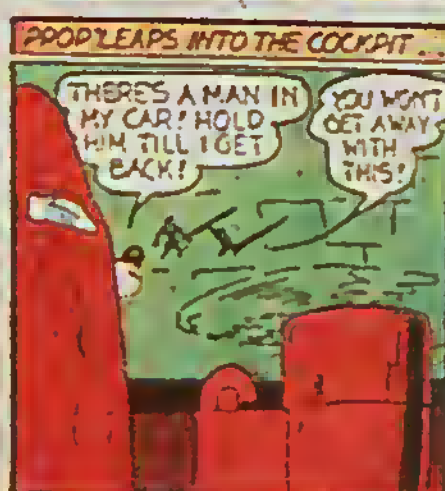
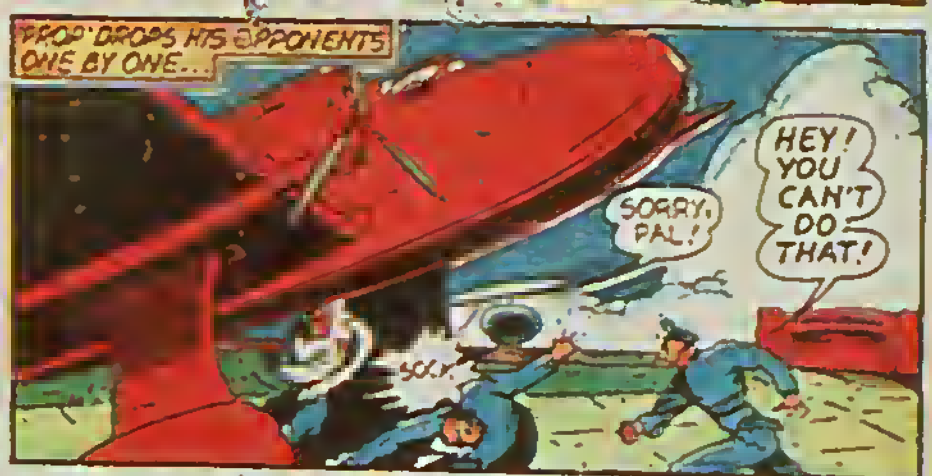
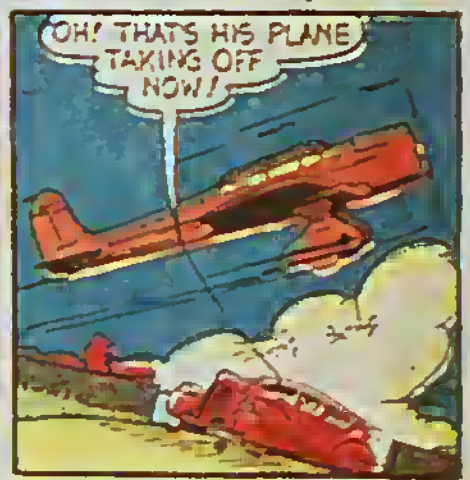


QUICKLY, PROP DRAGS THE INSENSIBLE MAN TO THE CAR.



WITH HIS UNCONSCIOUS PASSENGER, PROP SETS OUT.





MEANWHILE, PRESIDENT WALLACE
FLIES HIGH ABOVE THE ATLANTIC
OCEAN...



IN THE PLANE'S FREIGHT ROOM,
HE MAKES A STAGGERING
DISCOVERY...



SO... THIS IS HOW THE AIRPORT
BUILDING BLEW UP! THEY
CRASHED DELIBERATELY, AND
LET THE FREIGHT DO
THE REST.



THE PILOT GLARES AT WALLACE.



SUDDENLY, THE PILOT PERCEIVES
"PROP" TRAILING HIM...



"PROP'S" PLANE ROARS OVER THE
SMALLER SHIP...



AND HE THINKS ALOUD...



BY THIS TIME, "PROP" IS A CONSID-
ERABLE DISTANCE AHEAD OF THEM.



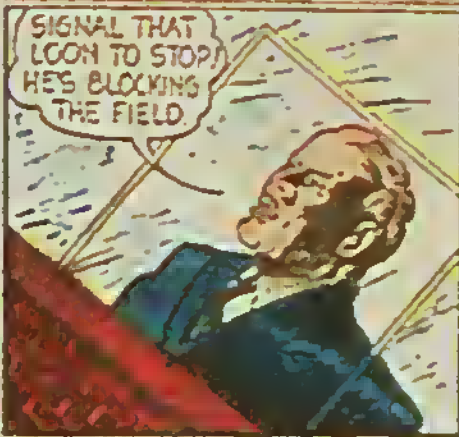
AND SOON ARRIVES AT A NEW
YORK AIRPORT.



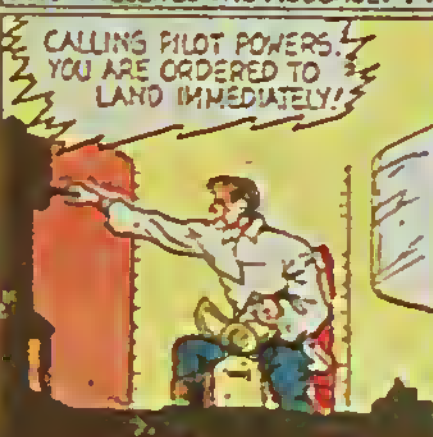
WHERE HE SHUTTLES BACK AND
FORTH OVER THE FIELD...



THE FIELD COMMANDER SEES HIM...



PROP RECEIVES THE MESSAGE...



IN A HALF HOUR, THE FIELD IS CLUTTERED WITH PLANES IN AN EVER INCREASING NUMBER, WAITING TO LAND, WAITING TO LEAVE.



TO ADD TO THE COMMOTION, THE PRESIDENT'S PLANE COMES IN...



THE PRESIDENT'S PILOT RECEIVES THE NEWS...



THEN, WHEN THE FIELD IS IN A COMPLETE UPROAR, PROP DARTS TO A NEARBY LANDING.



BREATHLESS, HE BURSTS INTO THE CONTROL BUILDING...



THE SITUATION IS EXPLAINED. PROP TAKES OFF WITH ANOTHER PILOT.



AS THEY FLY ABOVE VALLACE'S PLANE, PROP LOWERS HIMSELF WITH A ROPE.



AND IN MIDAIR, MAKES CONTACT WITH THE OTHER PLANE...



CLINGING TO THE SPEEDING PLANE, "PROP" MANAGES TO ENTER IT.



GRABBING HIS GUN, THE PILOT JUMPS TO HIS FEET.



BEFORE HE CAN AIM, "PROP" LETS LOOSE A SMASHING BLOW...



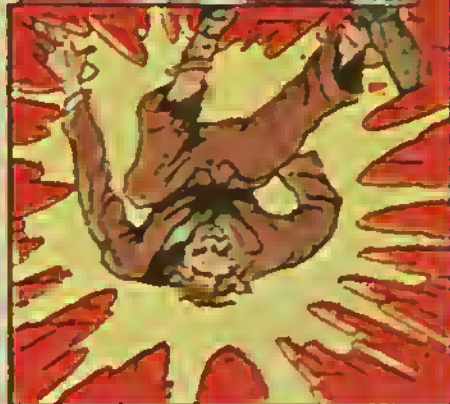
AGAIN THE ENRAGED MAN CHARGES. THIS TIME, HE HELDS A HEAVY LEAD PIPE.



A QUICK SIDESTEP ENABLES "PROP" TO GRAB HIM BY THE NECK...



AND THROWS HIM HEAD OVER HEELS AGAINST THE WALL.



"PROP" THEN TAKES OVER THE CONTROLS AND HEADS FOR THE SEA.



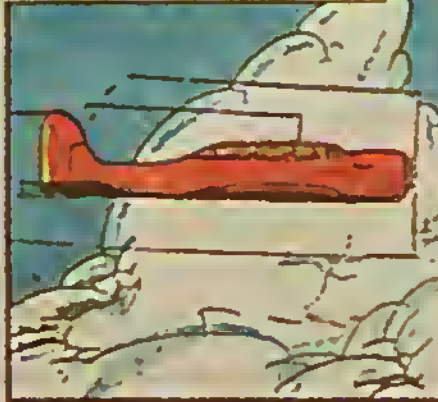
MISTER WALLACE, WILL YOU TAKE THE STICK? I'M GOING TO DUMP THE EXPLOSIVES OVER-BOARD!



WITH A GREAT SPLASH, THE PLANE'S CABIN HITS THE SEA.



A SHORT WHILE LATER, THEY REACH THE AIRPORT.



BACK IN ENGLAND, THE POLICE ROUND UP THE CRIMINALS OF THE RIVAL COMPANY.



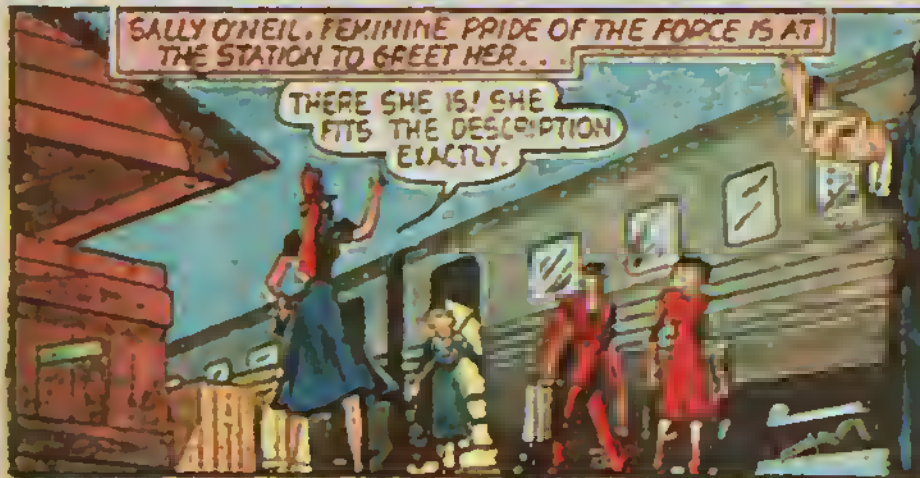
AT OWL'S-HEAD.



"PROP" POWERS FLIES THROUGH MORE EXCITING EXPERIENCES NEXT MONTH.



THE HEALTHY MRS BIGSTONE, RETURNING FROM THE PACIFIC COAST, WIRES AHEAD TO THE NEW YORK POLICE. SHE BRINGS A PRICELESS GEM WITH HER, AND SHE DESIRES PROTECTION.



MRS. BIGSTONE HEADS OFF IN HER VELVET COVERED JEWEL CASE

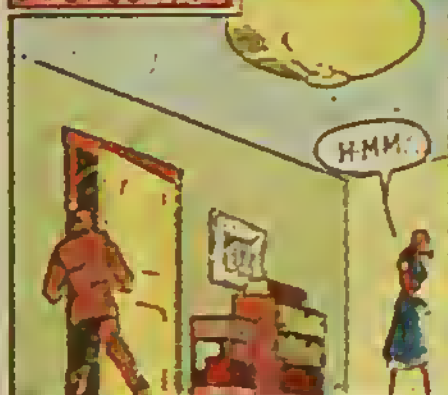
THE SAFE, SHE DEPOSITS A



THEN SHE GOES TO THE TELEPHONE IN ANOTHER ROOM



SALLY NOTICES JACK ENTER THE SAFE ROOM



NOT A VERY CAUTIOUS LAD, THIS 'NEPHEW'



YEP, HE'S OPENING THE SAFE



PUT THAT JEWEL BACK IN THE SAFE, MR. SMITH!



I WOULD, IF YOU HADN'T STOLEN IT! YOU'RE THE ONLY OTHER PERSON HERE... IT'S GONE. YOU'D BETTER RETURN IT NOW!



POLICE... GIL MOORE, PRIVATE DETECTIVE, SPEAKING. I'VE GOT A JEWEL THIEF HERE!



I WAS HIRED BY MRS. BIGSTONE TO PROTECT HER AND SHE NEEDED IT!

YOU WERE HIRED? OH, HA! HA! HA! THIS IS GOOD! GIVE ME THAT PHONE!



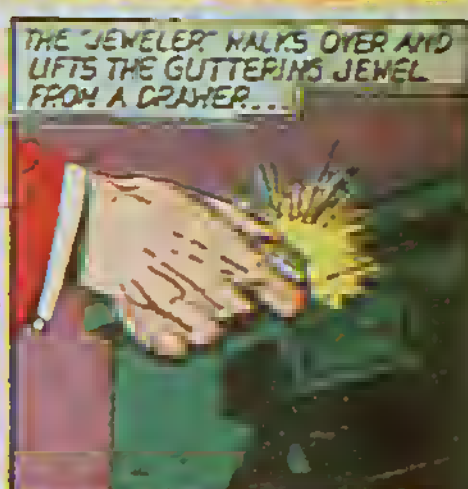
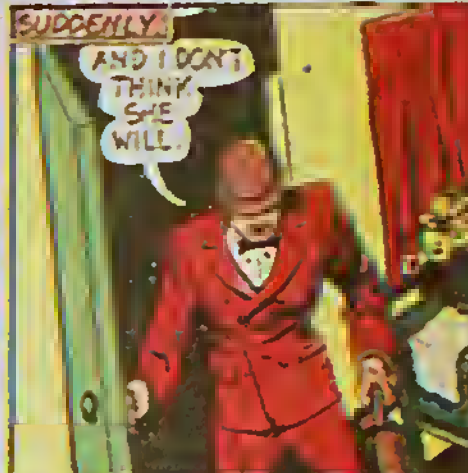
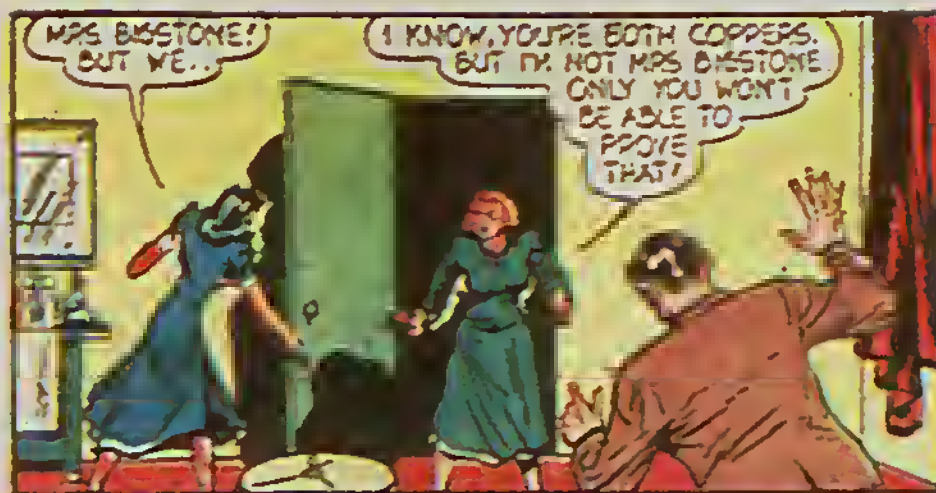
HELLO, SARGE... SALLY L. O'NEIL. I'M THE THIEF THIS PRIVATE DICK IS TALKING ABOUT. BUT...

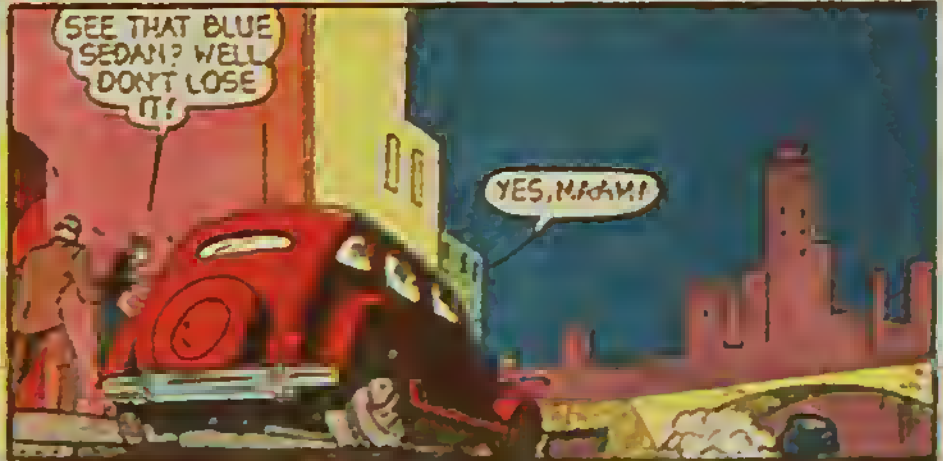
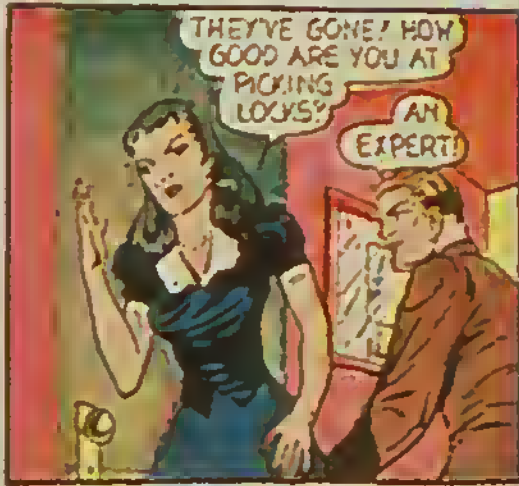


JUST THEN...

PUT DOWN THAT PHONE, AND DROP THAT GUN! REACH!







PEDESTRIANS SCATTER LIKE LEAVES AS SALLY GIVES CHASE.



NOTHING LIKE GETTING IN RIGHT WITH THE LAW.



SALLY AND GIL FOLLOW ANOTHER MAN INTO THE HOUSE



CAREFUL, MISS O'NEIL!



WHAT IS IT?

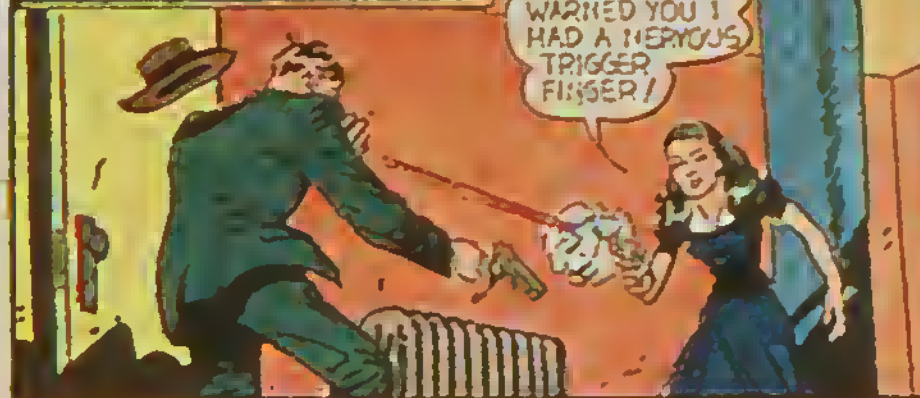
LEAD US TO SHIFTY SUE'S APARTMENT!



OK, LADY. DON'T SHOOT!

NO TRICKS!

SUDDENLY THE GUNMAN WHIRLS, BUT SALLY IS ON HER GUARD...



I SHOULD HAVE WARNED YOU I HAD A NERVOUS TRIGGER FINGER!

INSIDE, THE GANG HEARS THE SHOT.



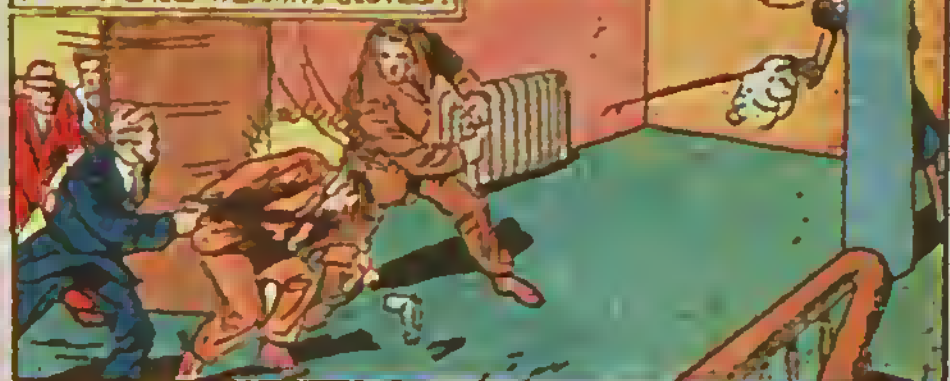
WHAT WAS THAT?

THEY PUSH INTO THE HALL AND OPEN FIRE.



GET THAT DAME!

BUT PRIVATE DETECTIVE GIL PROVES THAT HIS FISTS ARE USEFUL FOR OTHER PURPOSES THAN MERELY WEARING GLOVES.



GOOD BOY!

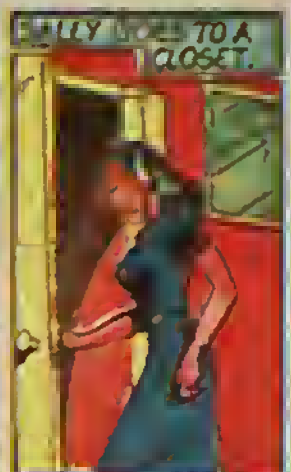
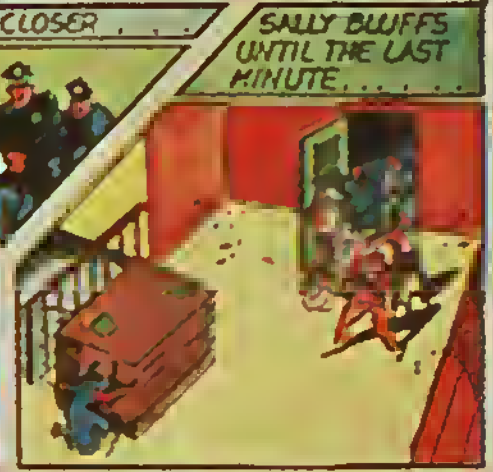
BUT FOUL FIGHTING IS TOO MUCH FOR GIL.



AND SALLY IS LEFT TO SHOOT IT OUT ALONE.



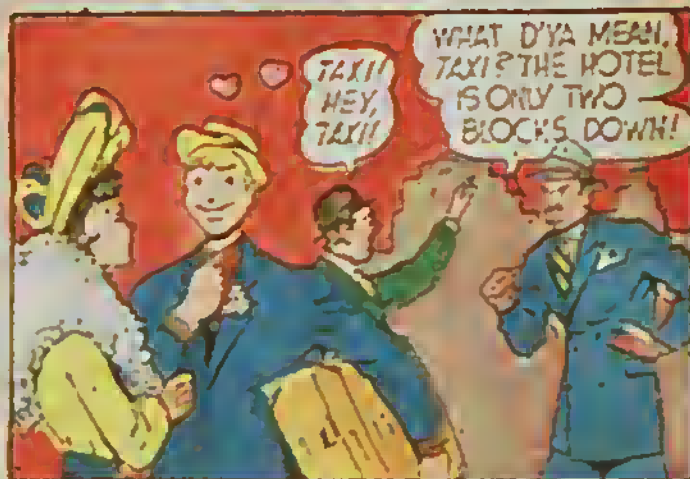
STAY BACK YOU GUYS!

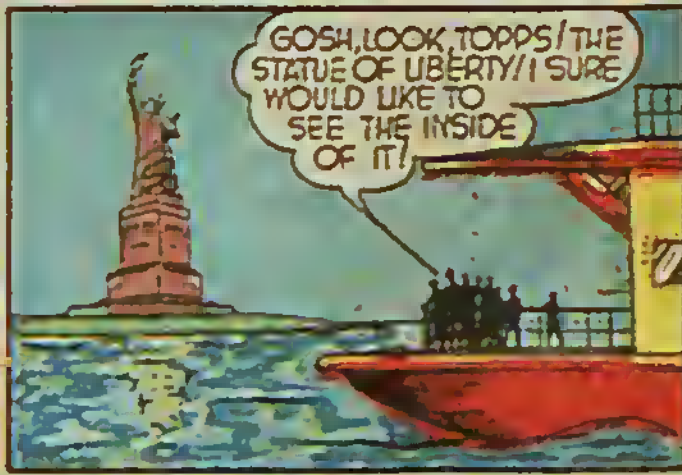
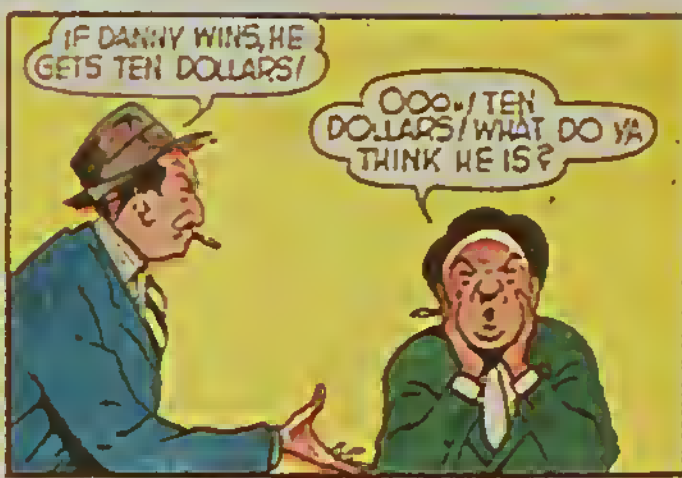


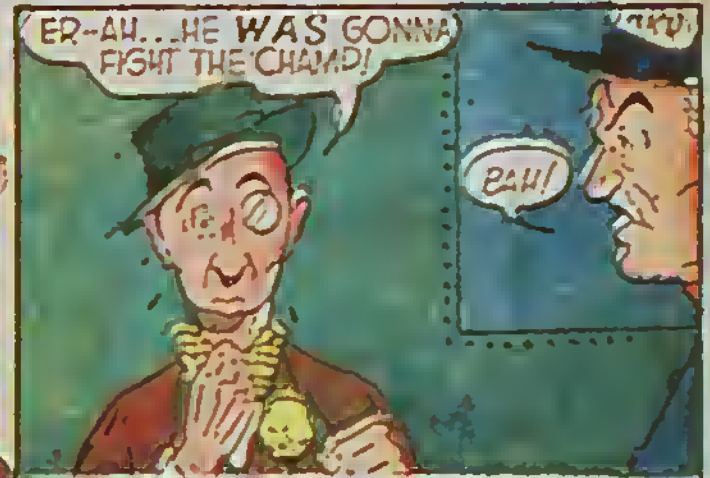
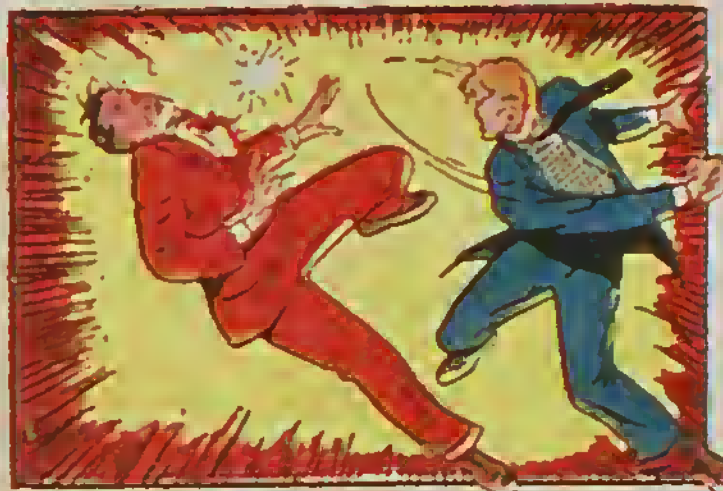
Kid DIXON

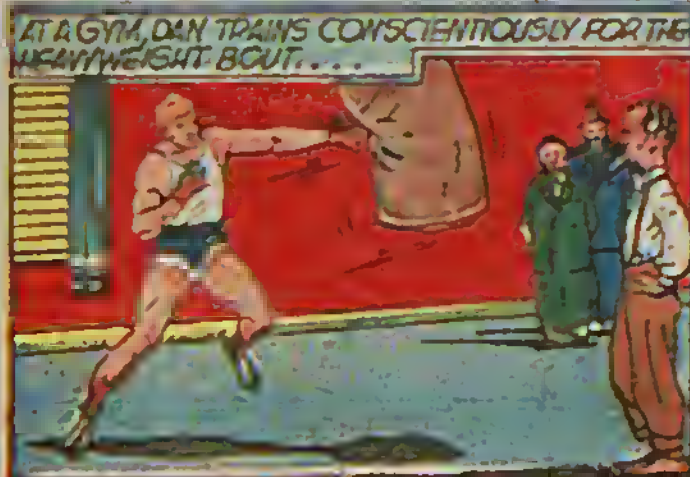
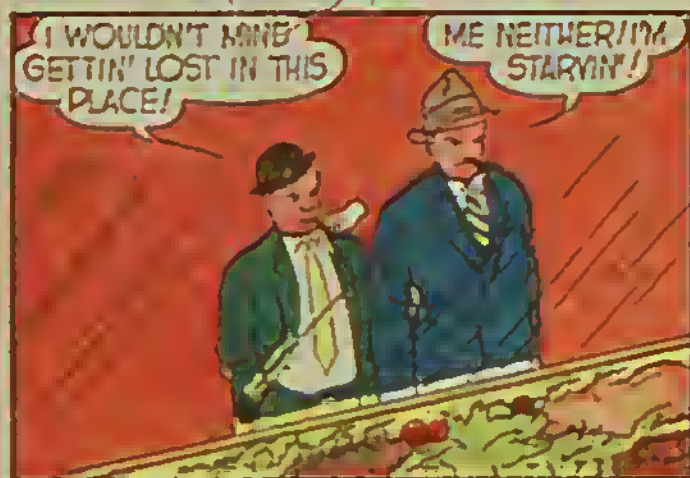
By Bob Reynolds

A KID FROM HICKVILLE LANDS IN NEW YORK AND FINDS THAT THE BIG CITY HAS A SMALL TOWN HEART.





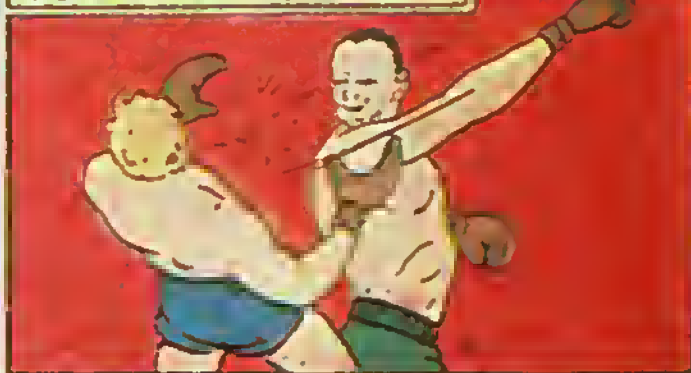




MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IS FILLED TO THE POOR WITH AN EAGER, NOISY AUDIENCE



SURPRISED AT THE SHREWD METHODOICAL TECHNIQUE OF THE CHAMP, DAN CANNOT RESIST THE MURDEROUS BLOWS...



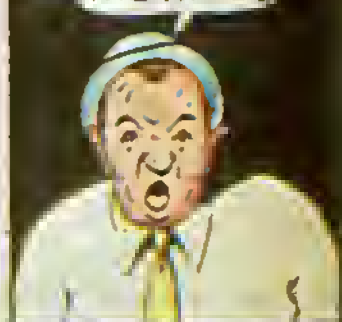
UNABLE TO THINK BETWEEN THE HEAVY BLOWS, DAN TAKES A SEVERE BEATING!



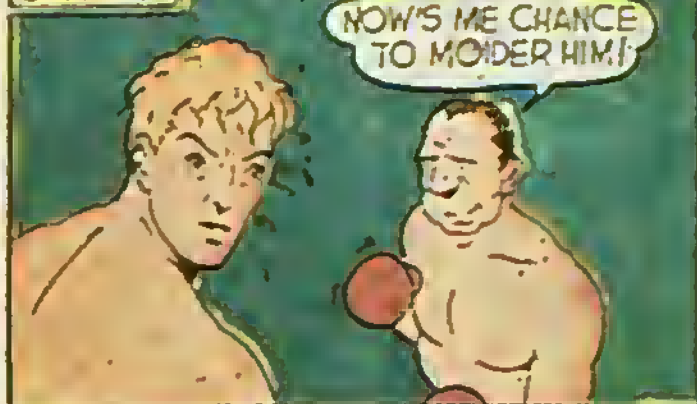
SAY, LISTEN TOPPS, GO WAY BACK IN THE CROWD AND... Z-Z-Z-B-Z-Z!



HEY! WAT'S DIS? A WALTZ? GINO COULD DO BETTER THAN THAT IN THE RING!



HEARING THIS, DANNY'S BLOOD BEGINS TO BOIL...



NOW'S ME CHANCE TO MORDER HIM!

SURPRISING EVERYONE WITH HIS TURN-ABOUT TACTICS, DAN LASHES INTO THE CHAMP...



MAYBE THIS WILL SWELL LIKE A SWEETPEA!

DAN IS THE NEW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION.

GEE! THIS WALDORF-ASTORIA IS SOME SWELL JOINT!

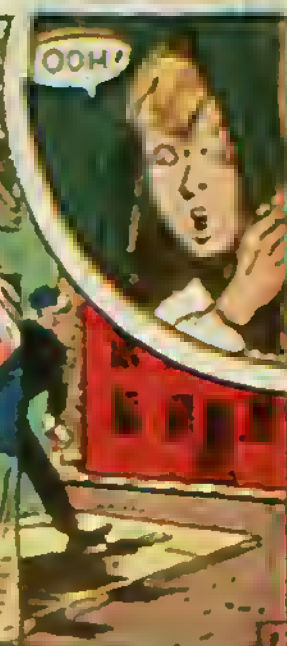


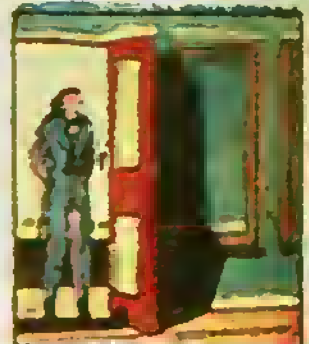
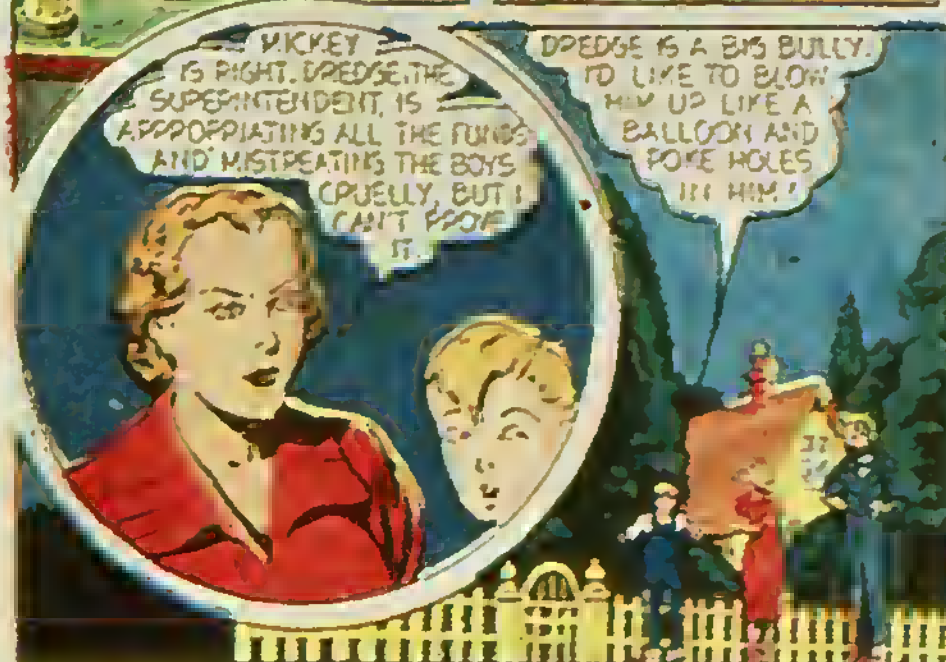
I'LL SAY!

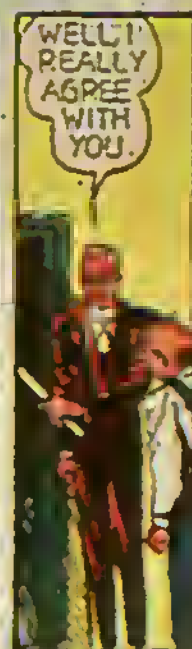
KID DIXON BATTLES FOR FAME AND FORTUNE AGAIN... IN THE NEXT ISSUE



MERLIN, THE GREATEST MAGICIAN ON EARTH, STROLLS ONE NIGHT DOWN A DARK STREET. . . . SUDDENLY.







BUT AS ONE BOY PASSES MERLIN, HIS PLATE BECOMES HEAPED WITH STEAMING, DELICIOUS FOOD.

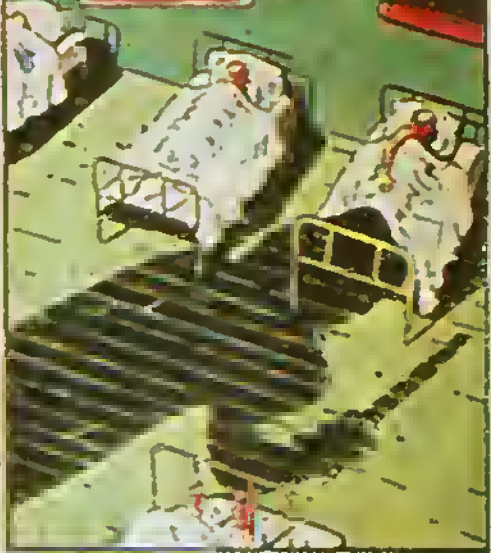


HOW GENEROUS YOU ARE, MR DREDGE MUCH TOO GENEROUS!

OH! ER. THANK YOU.



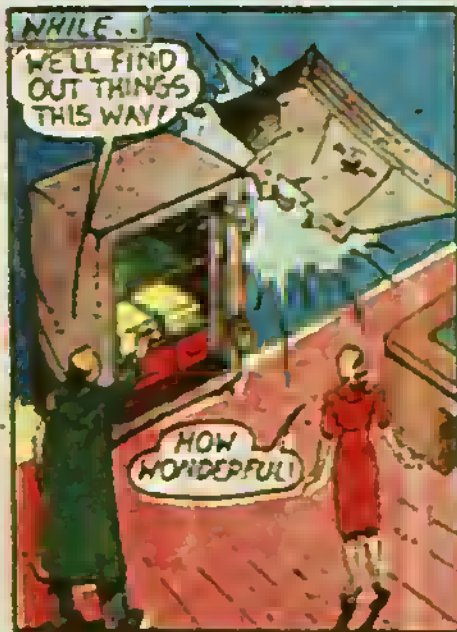
MR. DREDGE, HE SAID, "THE DOOR BEHIND HIM WITH HIS FELLOWS"



WHILE...

WE'LL FIND OUT THINGS THIS WAY!

HOW WONDERFUL!



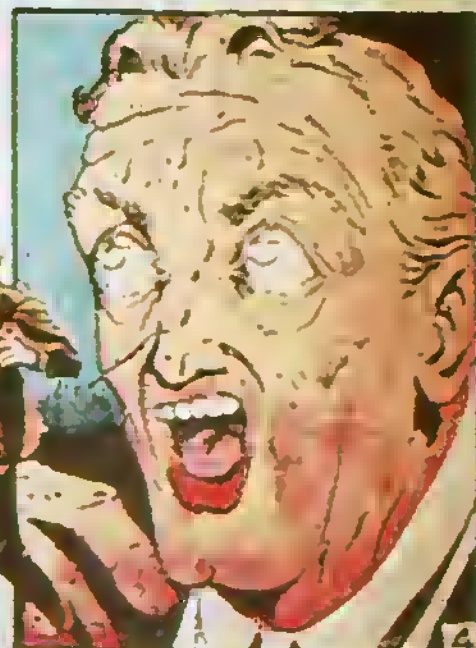
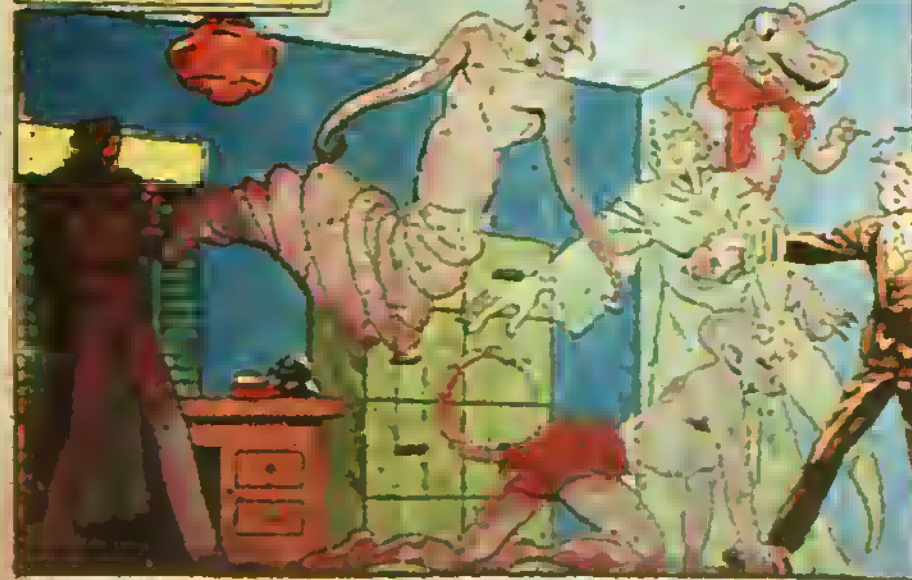
YES, HERE ARE PAPERS THAT WILL SEND DREDGE TO JAIL

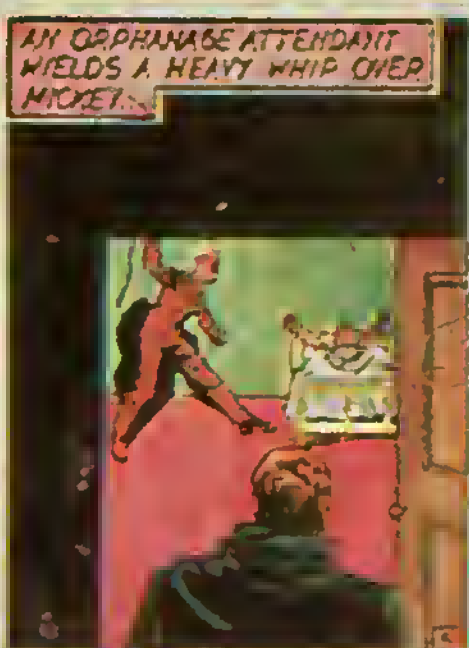


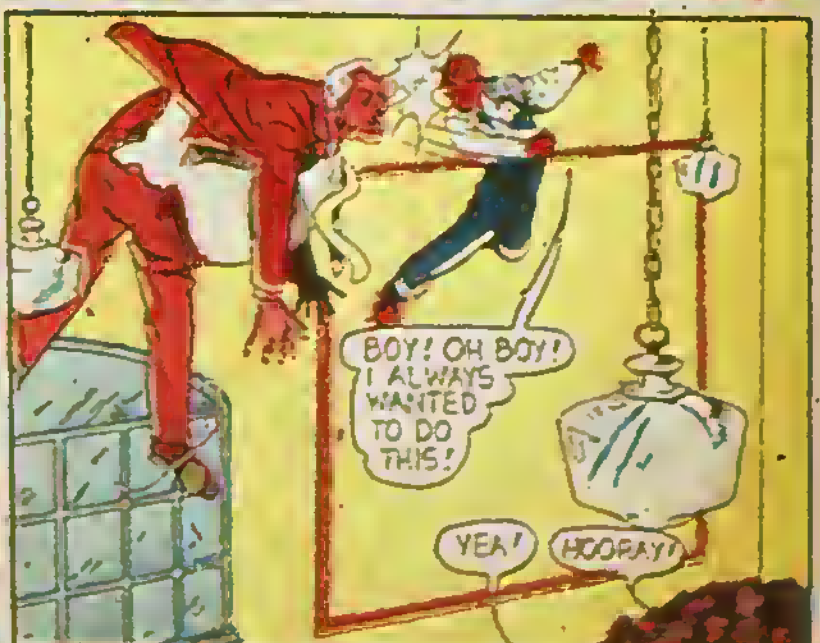
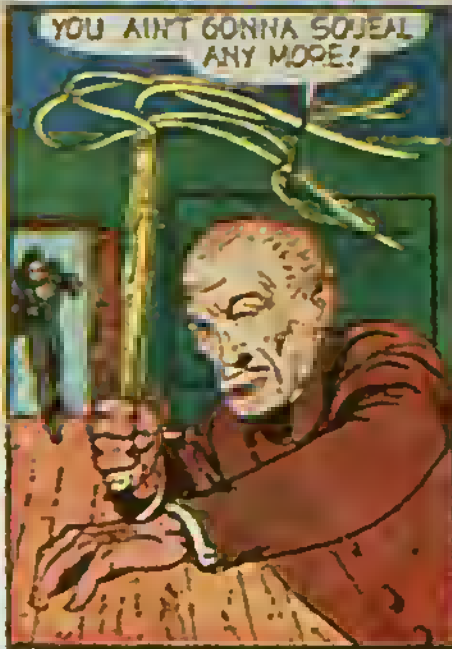
MISS LOYEWELL, GET AWAY FROM THAT SAFE!

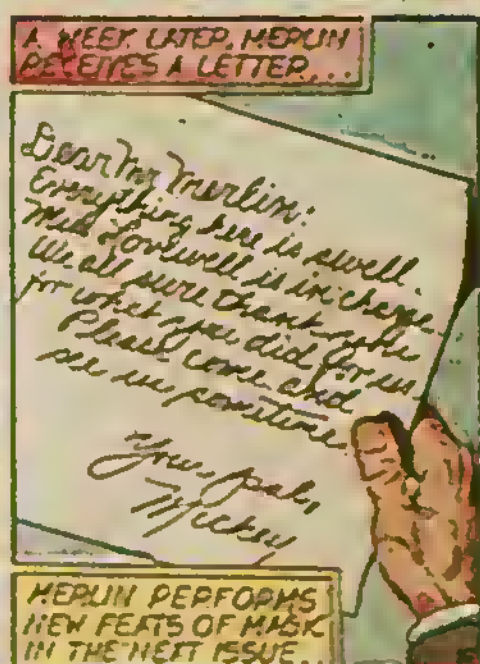


BUT FROM MERLIN'S MAGIC FINGERTIPS, A HOST OF TITTING DEMONS SPRINGS.









THE HUMAN GUINEA PIG

The Yankee Doodle Boy Ails Mankind

By ANTHONY LAMB

"LEAPIN" lobbyists! Aren't you scared, Jimmy?"

The Yankee Doodle Boy had inherited a tradition of honesty from the founders of his country. He glanced sheepishly around at the group of Senate page boys gathered about him.

"Yup—I gotta admit I've got sort of pins and needles in my stomach—but I have to go through with it. I know that."

Jimmy's determination to offer himself as a human guinea pig for the famous Dr. Richter's experiment had sprung from a visit he had made to the Lincoln Memorial. He had heard Senator Norris speak on the doctor's need for a healthy youngster to inject with a deadly germ that was causing so much misery and death among the children of America, and for which no cure had yet been found. Dr. Richter had perfected an anti-toxin—but he needed a healthy specimen to perform his experiment upon. Jimmy hadn't said anything then, but the idea bothered him for days and at last he decided to go up and "talk to Mr. Lincoln."

Everything that happened there that night was as real to Jimmy as the Capitol dome, even though the guard did have to wake him up at twelve o'clock and send him home.

Lincoln's deep brows threw dark shadows on his fine, high cheeks and the heavy lines that sorrow had drawn on his face framed the great kindness of his mouth. The Yankee Doodle Boy stood before the statue and asked his question.

"Mr. Lincoln, if I let them experiment on me, I may die. But somebody has to do it; should I, Mr. Lincoln? Should I go and see Dr. Richter tomorrow?"

Mr. Lincoln took a while to think it over. Then his answer came. Out of the past, the rich, human voice of the great liberator answered the Yankee Doodle page boy.

"Son, the words of the good book were once quoted to me by a woman in the wilderness—a woman whose wisdom and kindness and who loved me as her own son—my step-mother. These words guided me through my life and if you're wiser of the



right stuff, you'll heed them. She said, 'He, who does the Lord's work, abideth forever.' If you think there is work to be done, Jimmy, lives to be saved, a sacrifice to make, then remember those words and you will not go wrong."

"Thank you, Mr. Lincoln. Now I know what to do."

Several days later, Jimmy lay on his back on a hospital bed. Dr. Richter and a freshly starched nurse stood by his side.

"The letter of consent has just come from your parents, Jimmy. They must be very brave and fine people, and I am proud that they have such confidence in me. So—now we shall proceed."

A hypodermic needle was poised above the boy's firm

tanned arm. A clear liquid glistened in the glass tube.

"So that's the stuff that's been killing so many kids, doc? It doesn't look so vicious to me," laughed Jimmy, and then he winced as the sharp point jabbed into his flesh.

"Hmmm, but that innocent looking serum is as deadly as a .45 shot. But don't let me alarm you," the doctor chuckled as Jimmy's eyes grew wide. "Nurse Deering has this bottle of my anti-toxin to administer as soon as the fever strikes. It will be locked securely in this wall cabinet—because it is very precious stuff. Only I know the formula."

Jimmy was left alone to contract his fever, but he heard a bit of the nurse's conversation as they walked into the hall.

"Oh, Doctor, I forgot to tell you. Dr. Finch was here this afternoon, but he didn't seem to want to see you—I asked him."

"Finch, eh?" Dr. Richter's voice was low and angry. "What does he want to do to me now? If he dares to interfere with this experiment—"

Jimmy didn't hear the rest. The serum took quick effect. He had fallen asleep.

When Jimmy woke there were two figures hovering above him, but they were not those of Nurse Deering and Dr. Richter. Two strange men were bending over him and speaking in hushed, secretive voices that made the Yankee Doodle Boy keep his eyes shut tight and listen.

The flush of fever had already crept across his face and the voices he heard seemed to come down to him from the end of a long speaking tube.

"The fever's working now, all right, Dr. Finch."

"Yes. You say the anti-toxin is locked in that cabinet—open it!"

"That's what I heard Richter tell the kid when I was hiding in the closet."

Jimmy heard the scraping of metal as the lock of the wall cabinet was slowly forced open.

Through half open lids, he watched the dim outline of Dr. Finch's taut face. A small pencil searchlight threw long, eerie shadows across his head and shoulders.

"Richter, the Brilliant, is merely a tool in my hands. I have let him slave for years to perfect his formula. Now that his hour of triumph is at hand—he shall fail. The boy will die. He will be ostracized from medical circles, and I, Finch, will come forth with the real cure!" He turned triumphantly to the other man. "Hurry! Have you substituted my useless liquid for the anti-toxin?"

"Yes, it's all done. Let's get out of here."

"Right!"

When the door closed behind them, Jimmy sat bolt upright, but the fever sent him down again with the force of a giant hand—flat against the pillow. He waited while the world spun around and the lights went on and off.

"I've got to get them. I've got to."

Over and over he repeated the words and strength seemed to ebb slowly into his muscles and bones. Slowly, he rose and staggered to his feet. Groping blindly through the blackness he reached the door and stared dizzily into the light of the hall.

"I've got to make it. I've got to make it!"

Like a drunken sailor, the Yankee Doodle Boy lurches down the long hall. Very dimly, in the distance, he perceived two shadowy figures that seemed to change in size and shape, spreading and contracting in all directions at once. Brads of perspiration rolled down Jimmy's scarlet face.

Suddenly a figure in white loomed up before him. He heard a sharp cry and felt a pressure of firm hands on his shoulders pushing him back.

"No—no, let me go!" he gasped weakly. "I've got to get them!"

With a supreme effort, Jimmy freed himself of the nurse's grasp and continued what seemed like an endless journey down the hall. The figures were fast disappearing—soon they would descend the stairs. Jimmy knew he couldn't make those.

"Faster, faster, legs! They won't move—they're going backward—faster, faster—" he commanded. His legs were molded of granite.

But actually he was running, the nurse frantically chasing after him. With a shock, he realized that he was upon his quarry. He reached out and, grabbing the sleeve of Dr. Finch, dragging the man to the floor with him as he fell.

Now the voices came from many miles away, but they were clear as bells.

The nurse spoke. "The child is delirious. I'll call Nurse Deering and put him back in bed."

Finch's tone was concerned. "Terrible thing—I hope it doesn't effect Richter's experiment." He tried to rise, but Jimmy's hand was clutched obstinately around

his wrist. By now several internes and Nurse Deering had gathered around.

They tried to free his grasp and lift him up, but before they succeeded, Jimmy mustered all his strength and whispered hoarsely, "F—Finch—stole the anti-toxin!"

And after that everything was merrily black. The Yankee Doodle Boy slipped peacefully into unconsciousness.

Hours ticked by and the days dragged endlessly. A tense quiet fell over the Senate as the members and the little page boys exchanged questioning, worried glances.

"Still no news?"

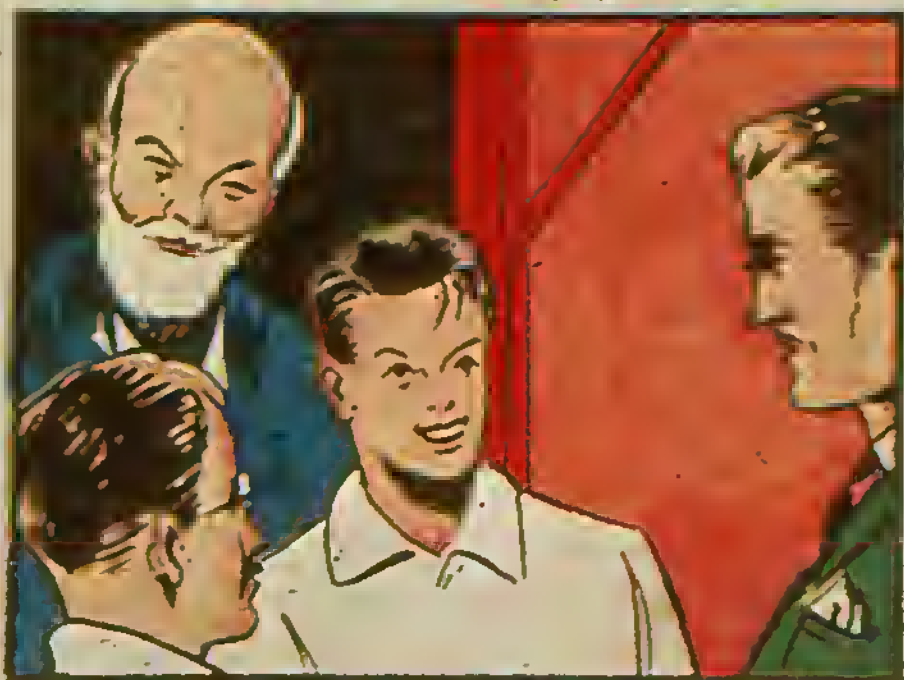
"Not out of the coma yet?"

"Have you talked to Dr. Richter?"

One day, during a heated debate on farm appropriations, page boy Corny Dobbs rushed into the chamber and interrupted a dignified Senator with a wild whoop.

"He's better! The crisis is passed! He's going to get well—boy, oh boy, he's a national hero! Three cheers for Jimmy Jones, the Yankee Doodle Boy."

And the voices of boys and men alike rose to the roof and echoed through the country and the name of the Yankee Doodle Boy went home to the hearts of the people.



WONDER BOY

BY JERRY MAXWELL



AS WONDER BOY SAUNTERS UP A STREET, HE SEES A NEWSBOY CRYING AS IF HIS HEART WOULD BREAK.



ER-EXCUSE ME, FELLER. WHY ARE YOU CRYING? CAN I HELP YOU?

MY FATHER WAS OUT OF WORK FOR A YEAR, BUT LAST WEEK HE GOT A JOB. HE LEFT WITH AN EXPEDITION FOR SOUTH AMERICA!



YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY THAT YOUR FATHER IS WORKING!

MY MOTHER AND I WERE HAPPY UNTIL TODAY, WHEN WE HEARD THE EXPEDITION PARTY WAS LOST!



DON'T WORRY! I LEARNED THAT A BOAT IS LEAVING TODAY TO SEARCH FOR THE LOST MEN. I'LL FIND YOUR FATHER!



YOU'LL FIND MY FATHER? HOW CAN YOU? YOU'RE ONLY A BOY LIKE ME!

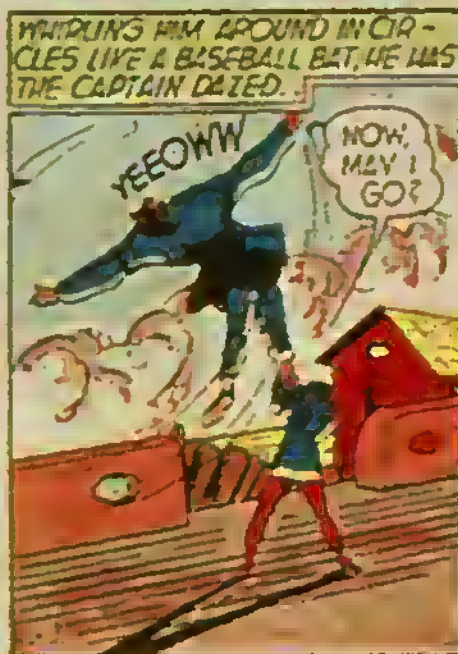
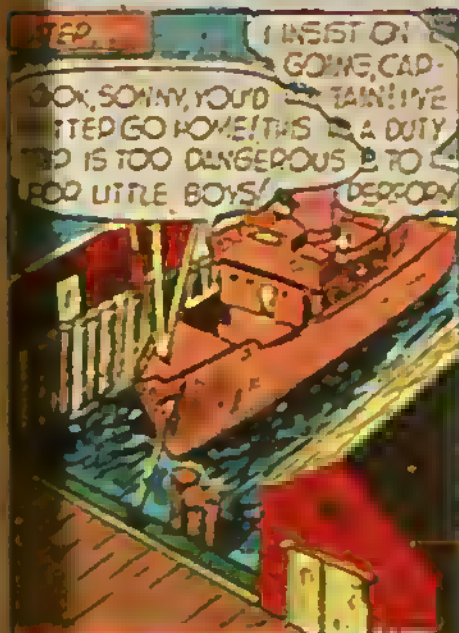
WELL, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO HAVE FAITH IN ME, MY FRIEND.



SAY, YOU'RE NOT WONDER BOY, ARE YOU?

I MUST HURRY OR I'LL MISS MY BOAT! GOODBYE!





BUT FAIR WEATHER WISHES THAT NIGHT, AND A VIOLENT GALE ROCKS THE SHIP FROM STEM TO STERN!



"SUMMON ALL HANDS TO MY CABIN AT ONCE!"



"MEN, I'VE CALLED YOU HERE BECAUSE I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW OF THE DANGERS WE MUST FACE TOGETHER!"



"UNTIL OUR ENGINES ARE REPAIRED, WE ARE AT THE MERCY OF THE SEA!"



"WANT/LET ME HELP!"

"SCRAM, KID! THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOKES!"

"GET ME A HEAVY CHAIN AND I'LL DULL THE BOAT TO PORT!"



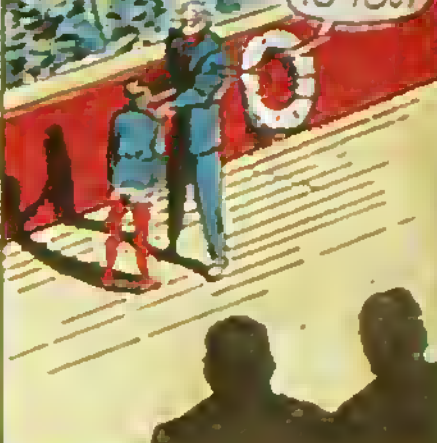
WITH THE CHAIN WRAPPED SECURELY ABOUT HIM, WONDER BOY DIVES OVERBOARD INTO ANGRY WATERS



WITH AMAZING POWER HE TUGS THE SHIP THROUGH THE STORM-TOSSED SEA



"CAPTAIN, YOU'RE VERY WELL BUT GOT TO LET ME DO IT! OUR LIVES ARE..."



"I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO YOU!"

THE CREW GAZES IN AWE AT WONDER BOY'S GREAT FEAT!



"GEE! I HOPE HE MAKES IT!"

"HE WILL!"

THE SHIP PUSHES STEADILY ONWARD.
WONDER BOY PLOYS THROUGH
THE MOUNTAINOUS WAVES...



DAWN FINDS THE STORM ABATED...



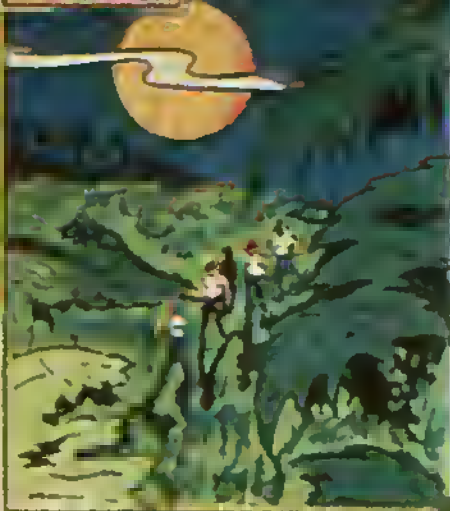
WONDER BOY PULLS THE SHIP
STRAIGHT TO A QUIET HARBOR,
WHERE HE SHEDS HIS OILY...



EATING A HEARTY MEAL, WONDER
BOY DISCUSSES PLANS WITH THE
CAPTAIN...



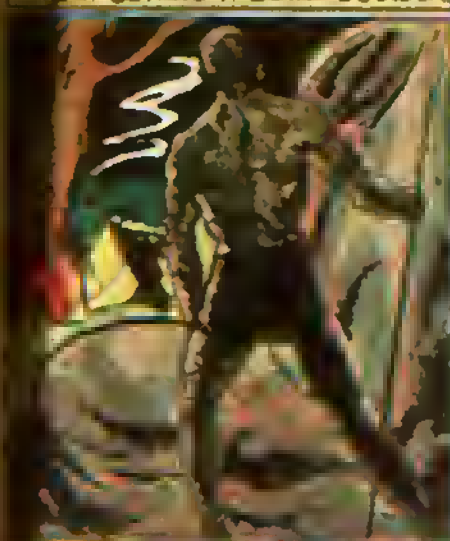
AND SO, A SETTING SUN FINDS
THE GROUP PUSHING FORWARD
THROUGH DENSE TROPICAL
FORESTS...



I THINK WE
OUGHT TO MAKE
CAMP. CAPTAIN!
THE MEN
LOOK
TIRED!



AS CAMP IS BEING SET UP, A
SUSPICIOUS FIGURE WATCHES
FROM BEHIND A GIANT BOULDER.



THAT NIGHT, WONDER BOY DOES
GUARD DUTY... ALL IS WELL,
UNTIL...



RED-HEAD NATHAN'S BRINGS FROM
THE BUSHES TO ATTACK...



WONDER BOY GRABS A WIFE AND SWINGS INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE FRY. . . .



WREAKING MAYOC AMONG THE SUB-PAISED MEN. WONDER BOY SOON PROVES HIMSELF MASTER OVER THEM!



THEY TURN AND FLEE IN TERROR AND AMAZEMENT. . . .



LEAPS FROM TREE TO TREE, WONDER BOY FOLLOWS. . . .



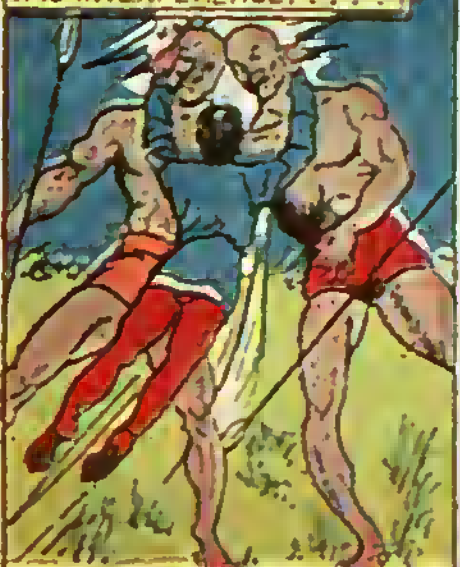
SUDDENLY HE STOPS AS HE WATCHES THE NATIVES POUR INTO A CAVE AT THE FOOT OF A MOUNTAIN. . .



THE ENTRANCE IS BLOCKED BY SLEATHY GUARDS.



WONDER BOY HAS HIS OWN METHOD FOR DEALING WITH THIS INTERFERENCE. . . .



USH! HUMAN SACRIFICE! I SAY, THAT'S THE LOST EXPEDITION THEY'RE HOLDING!



I'LL FREE THEM!



THE HUNGRY SUPERSTITIOUS CREATURES SCATTER IN WILD CONFUSION AS THE HUGE ROCK FALLS.....



SEEING WONDER BOY, HOWEVER, THE NATIVES STOP... THEIR MURDEROUS INTENTIONS FOCUS ON HIM..



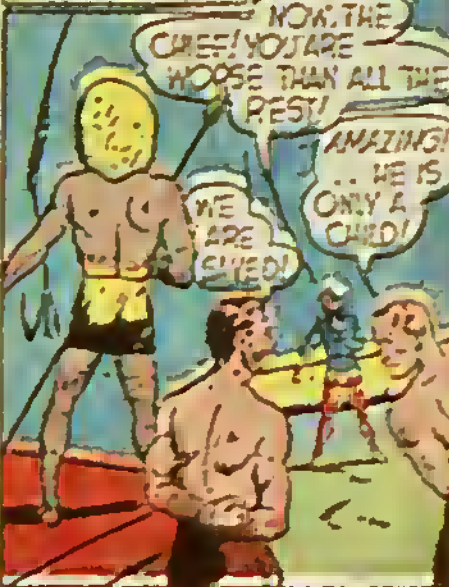
THUMPING FAST, WONDER BOY REACHES THE PLACEMENT. DOLLAR FROM ITS BASE.



THUS THE NATIVES ARE INSENSIBILITY...



ONE BY ONE, THEY YIELD TO WONDER BOY'S POWER...



THE WITCH DOCTOR-CHIEF IS TOO SLOW. BEFORE HE CAN USE HIS SPEAR, WONDER BOY SEIZES IT...



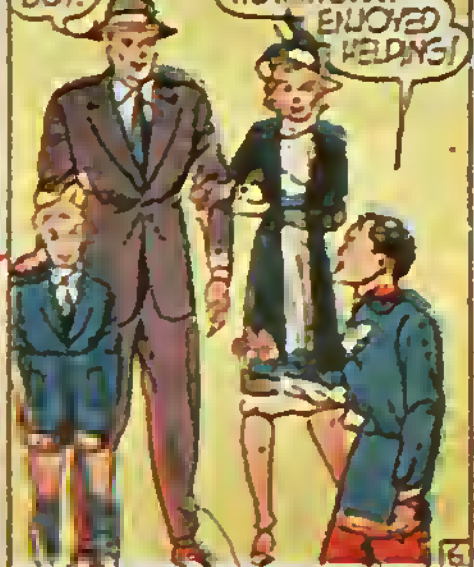
WONDER BOY JOYFUL AT ITS SUCCESS, HE LEAVES THE ISLAND.



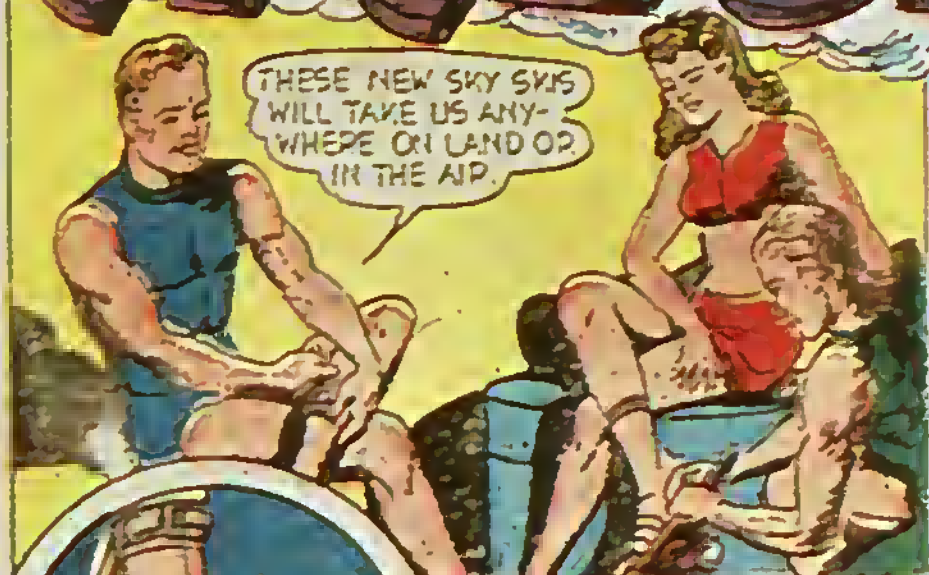
AT THE DIER, WONDER BOY FEELS HAPPY OVER THE RESULTS OF HIS EFFORTS...



INDEED YOU ARE A "WONDER BOY."



CYCLONE



THESE NEW SKY SKIS
WILL TAKE US ANY-
WHERE ON LAND OR
IN THE AIR.

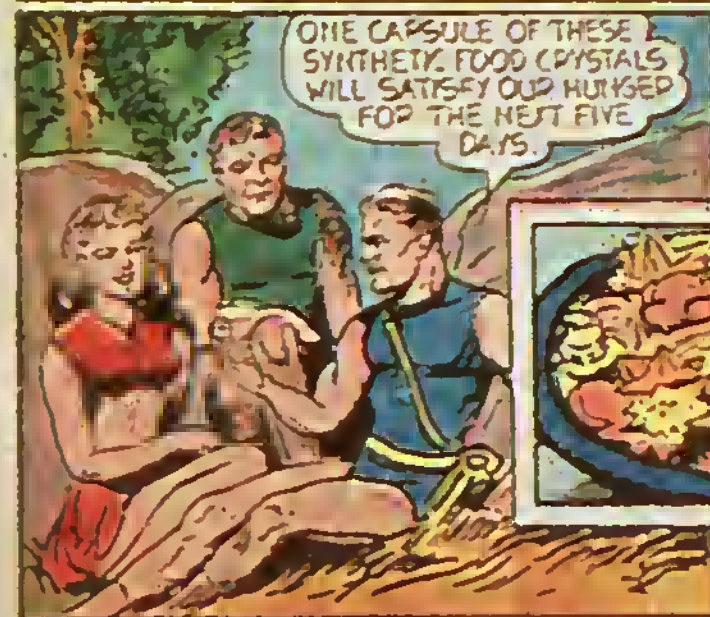
"CYCLONE" HAS CLAIMED A NEW
PLANET "X" FOR EARTH. PIONEERS
FROM THE OLD WORLD AND
OTHER PLANETS HAVE SETTLED
ON "X" WHICH IS NOW FLOURISH-
ING... WITH MARY, AND HIS AID,
CORPORAL MAC MURPHY,
CYCLONE STARTS TO EXPLORE
THE PLANET.

By
Tony Rawlins

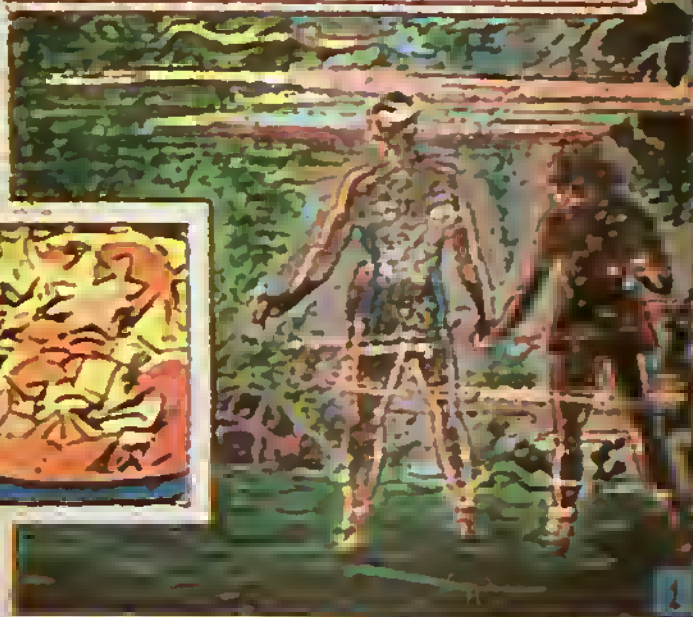



THE EXPLORERS PAUSE FOR FOOD AND REST

CYCLONE AND MARY LEAD THE WAY INTO A DARK
AND FORBIDDING MARSHLAND.




ONE CAPSULE OF THESE
SYNTHETIC FOOD CRYSTALS
WILL SATISFY OUR HUNGER
FOR THE NEXT FIVE
DAYS.






CYCLONE
LOOK AT
THAT
ORCHID.


AS MARY GRADES THE GROUND, THE ROCK ON
WHICH SHE STANDS BEGINS TO SINK.



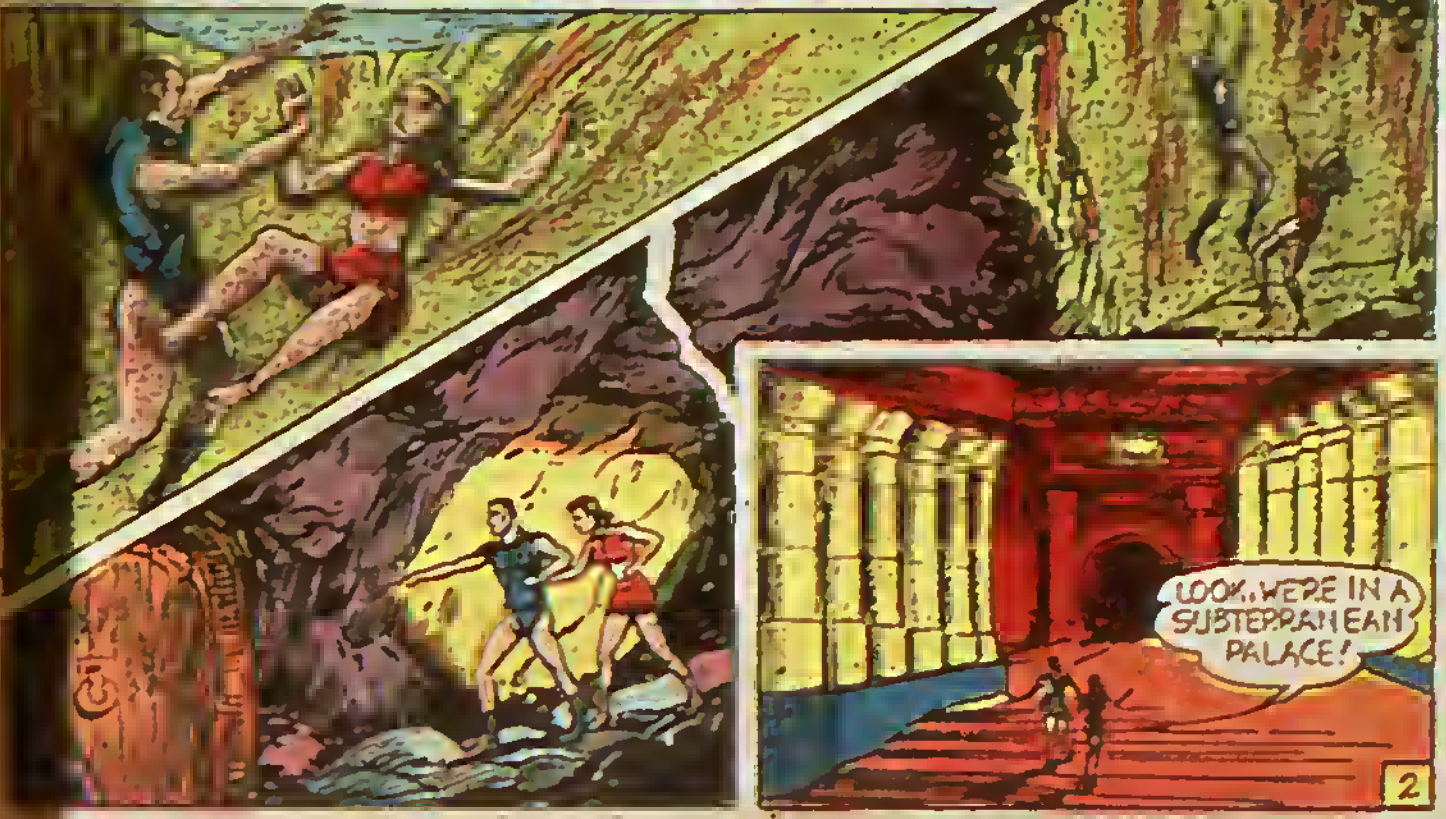
CAPEFUL MARY,
THIS PLACE IS
DANGEROUS!



STAND STILL!
DON'T
STRUGGLE!



MURPHY,
GET BACK TO
TOWN AND
BRING
HELP! WE'RE
SINKING!



LOOK, WE'RE IN A
SUBTERRANEAN
PALACE!

2

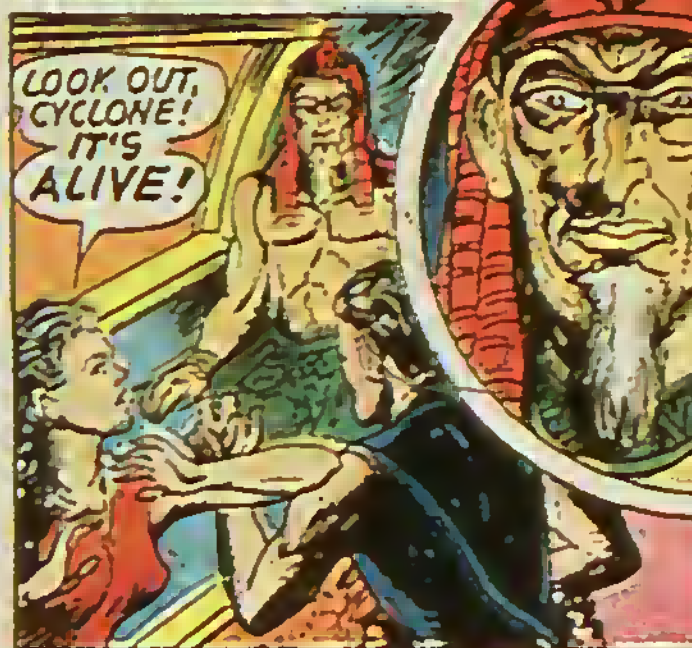
THE PALACE IS FULL OF RELICS OF AN ANCIENT CIVILIZATION...



I WONDER WHAT'S
INSIDE THIS
CHEST?



WHY, IT'S A
MUMMY!



LOOK OUT,
CYCLONE!
IT'S
ALIVE!

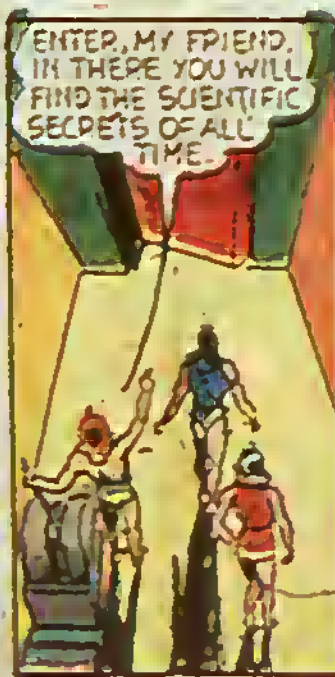


FEAR NOT, FOR MANY CENTURIES, I
HAVE AWAITED THIS MOMENT WHEN
THE SECRETS OF THIS ANCIENT PLANET
WOULD BE UNCOVERED. I KNEW THAT
SOME DAY, A NEW CIVILIZATION
WOULD COME TO "X".
FOLLOW
ME...

I AM AMHOZO,
LAST OF MY RACE.



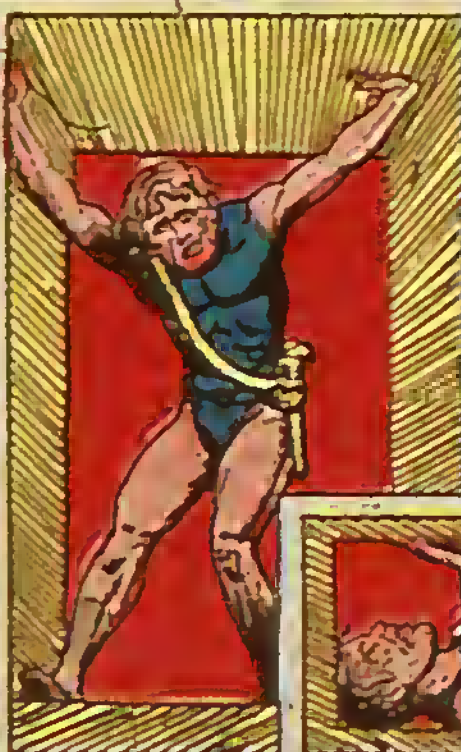
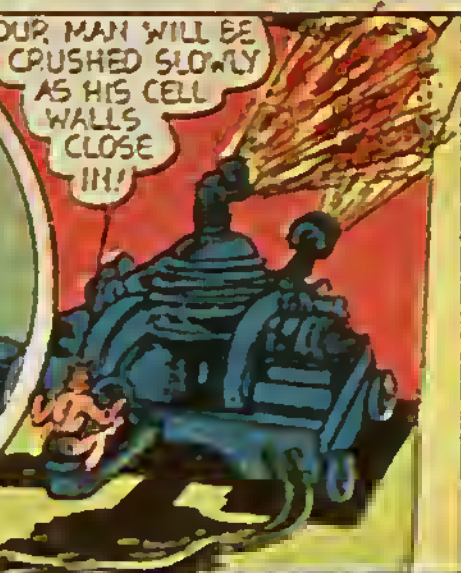
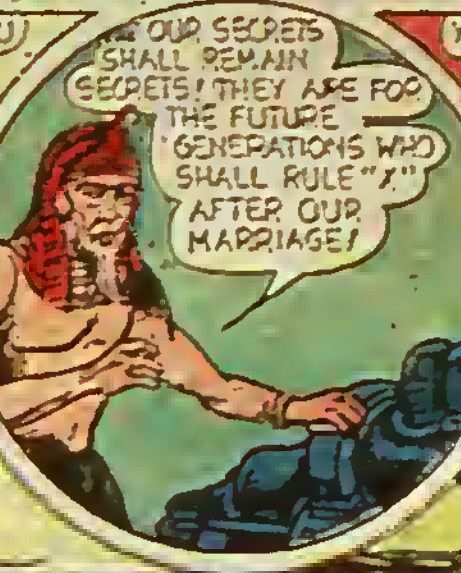
9000 YEARS
AGO, I BUILT
THAT VERY
QUICKSAND MIRE
THAT BROUGHT YOU
TO THIS
PALACE.



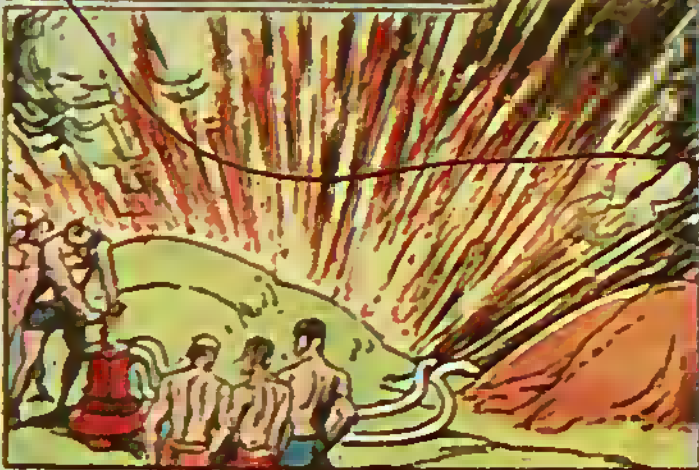
ENTER, MY FRIEND.
IN THERE YOU WILL
FIND THE SCIENTIFIC
SECRETS OF ALL
TIME.



BUT YOU
STAY HERE
WITH
ME!



MEANWHILE, ON THE SURFACE OF "X", MAC
BOASTS THE QUICKSAND AWAY.



THROUGH THE TUNNEL INTO THE PALACE, MAC
LEADS HIS RESCUE PARTY.



SHOOT HIM DOWN,
MEN!



WAIT! ONLY HE CAN FREE CYCLONE!

OK. SET CYCLONE
FREE AND
YOU SHALL
LIVE...
QUICK
NOW!

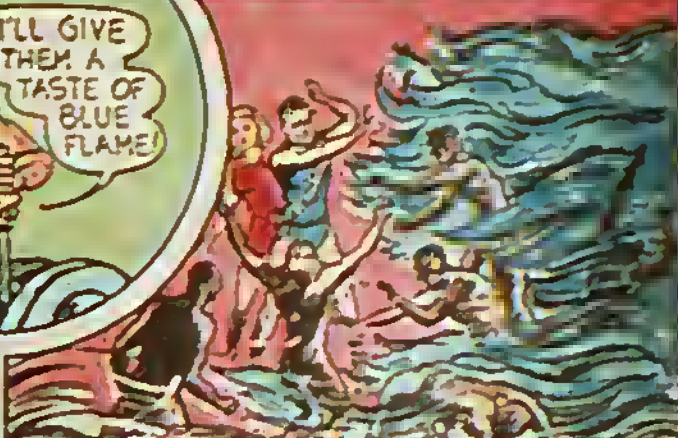


AMNOZO GESTURES AND CYCLONE'S
CELL BURSTS OPEN.

BUT AMNOZO HAS ANOTHER TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE.

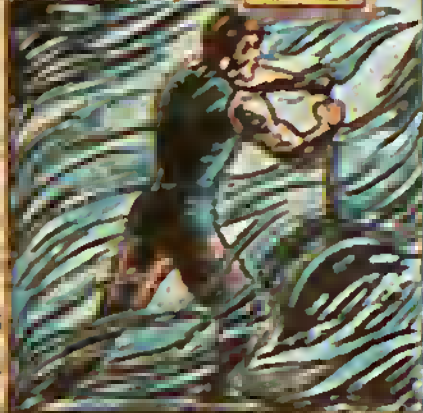


I'LL GIVE
THEM A
TASTE OF
BLUE
FLAME!



GET
AWAY
FROM
THAT
LEVER!

DASHING THROUGH THE BLAZE,
CYCLONE TURNS OFF THE
FLAME.



LATER, IN THE
ANCIENT LIBRARY.

WE'VE GOT ENOUGH
SCIENTIFIC
DATA HERE
TO LEARN
ALL THEY
EVER KNEW.

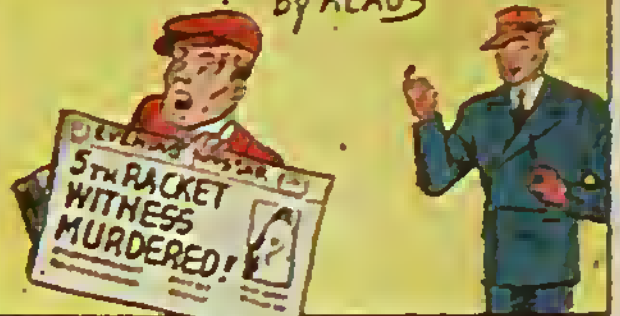


FOLLOW THE NEXT AMAZING
ADVENTURE OF CYCLONE...
IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

PEN MILLER

ALTHOUGH PEN MILLER ENJOYS CONSIDERABLE FAME AS A COMIC BOOK ARTIST, IT IS IN THE RANKS OF THE UNDERWORLD THAT HIS NAME COMMANDS FEAR AND RESPECT... HIS CARTOONS ARE UNCOMFORTABLY WELL INFORMED, SO FAR AS CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES ARE CONCERNED...

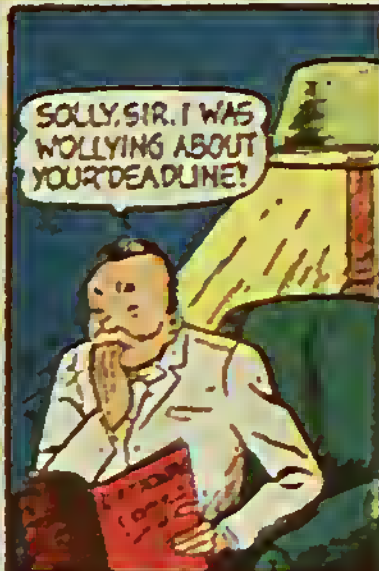
By KLAUS



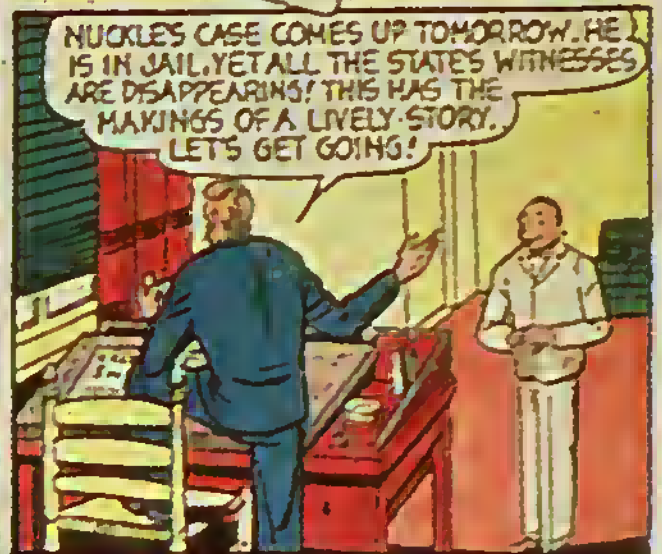
PEN ENTERS HIS STUDIO.



HEY NIKI! WHERE ARE YOU?



SOLLY, SIR. I WAS WOLLYING ABOUT YOUR DEADLINE!



NUCKLES CASE COMES UP TOMORROW. HE IS IN JAIL, YET ALL THE STATES WITNESSES ARE DISAPPEARING! THIS HAS THE MAKINGS OF A LIVELY STORY. LET'S GET GOING!

I'M GOING INSIDE TO GET SOME DOPE ON THIS. WATCH EVERYBODY WHO COMES IN AND GOES OUT, NIKI.



THAT'S NUCKLES MOUTHPIECE, PEN!

WHO'S THAT?

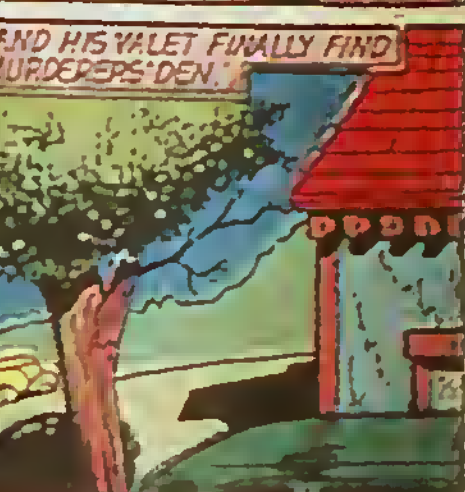
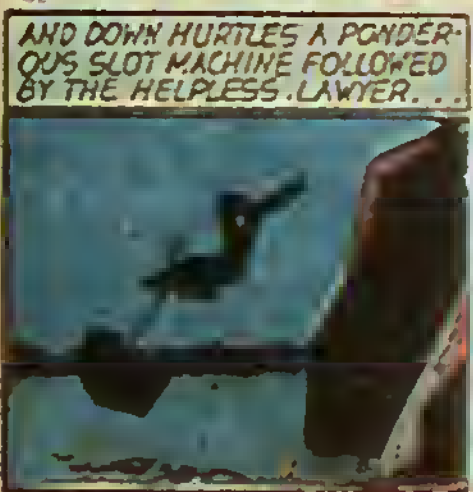
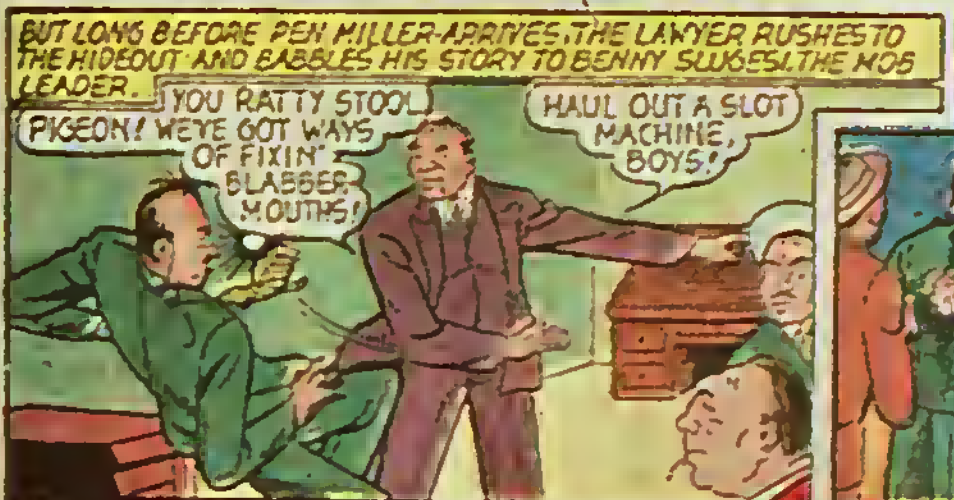
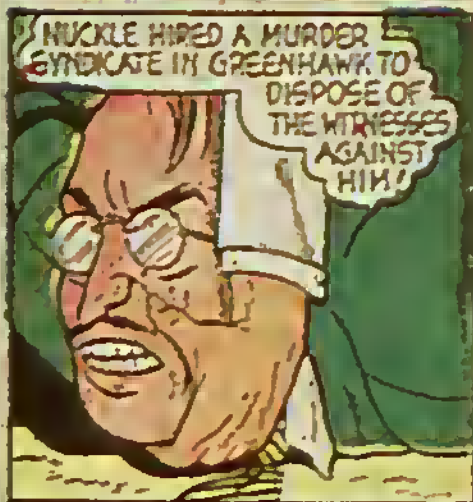


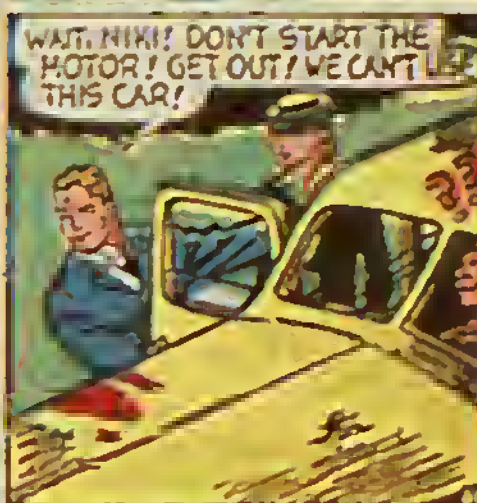
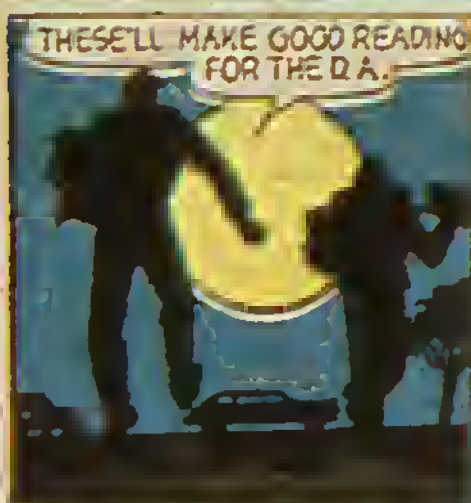
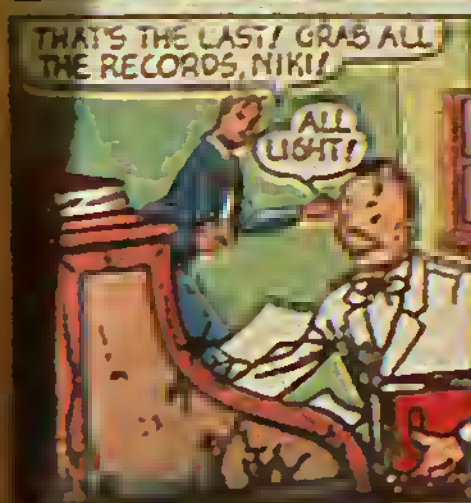
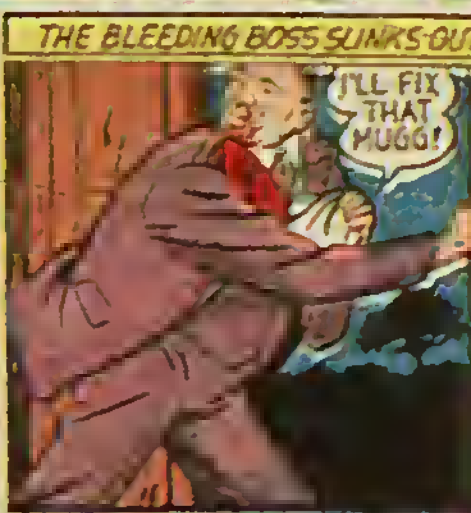
I THOUGHT SO! SEE YOU LATER!

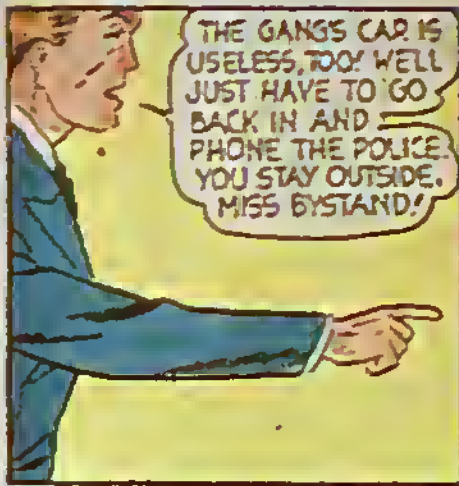


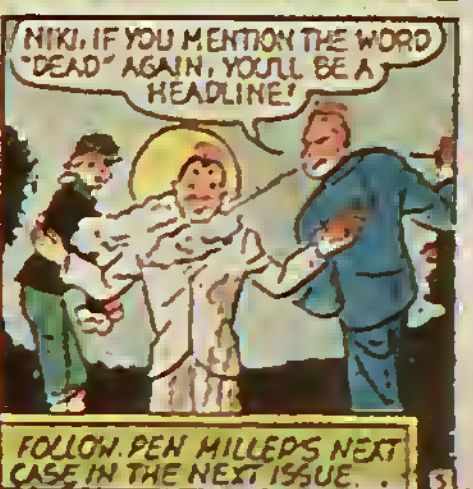
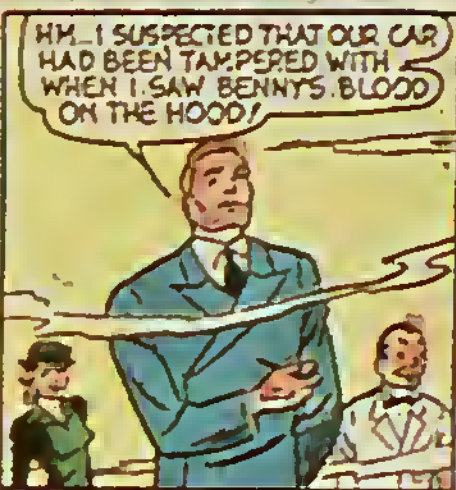
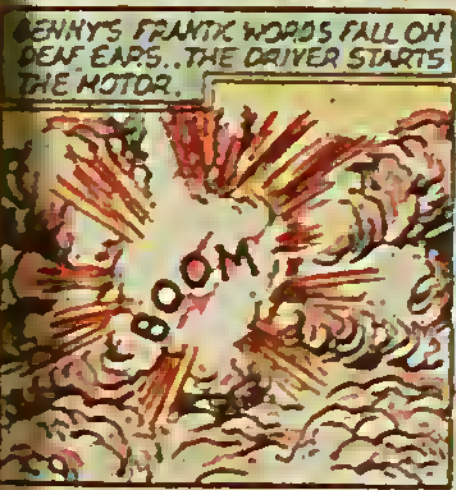
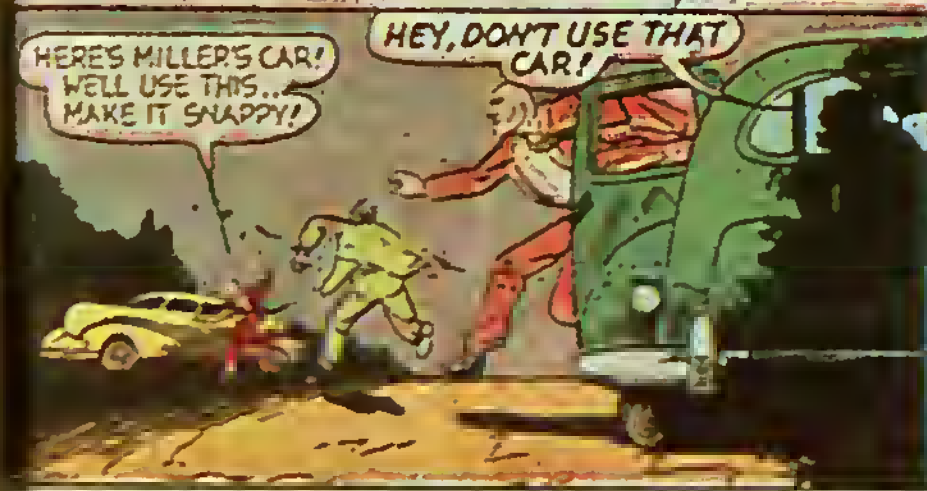
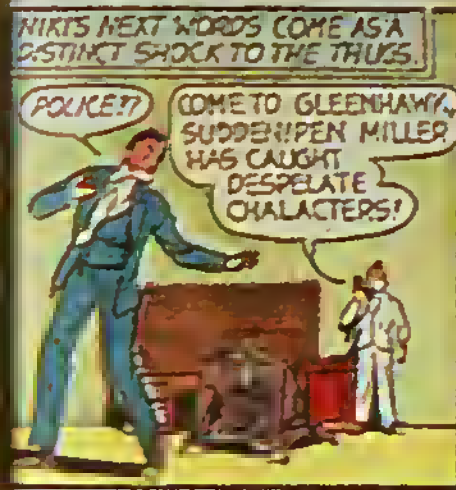
HM. NOW WHERE DID HE DISAPPEAR TO?

PSST











SCOUTS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE

C'MON, BASE, IT'S OVER, HERE



GOSH, IT'S AN OLD MAN!
WHAT'S THE MATTER,
MISTER?



HELP ME, HELP
ME, I'VE
BEEN BEATEN.

SURE, MISTER!
I'LL TAKE YOU BACK
TO CAMP.



THE MAN INTO HIS ARMS LIKE
A BUNDLE, HE CARRIES HIM BACK TO THE



MISTER, IF YOU'LL TELL ME WHO THE
POLECAT IS, I'LL BREAK 'IM IN
TWENTY PIECES!

YOU'RE
VERY KIND.



I DON'T KNOW WHO IT WAS. HE
WAS A LOGGER, AND I THINK HE WAS
AFTER MY GOLD MINE.



GOLD!



YES, I FINALLY HIT A
RICH VEIN. NOW SOMEONE
WANTS TO STEAL IT
FROM ME.



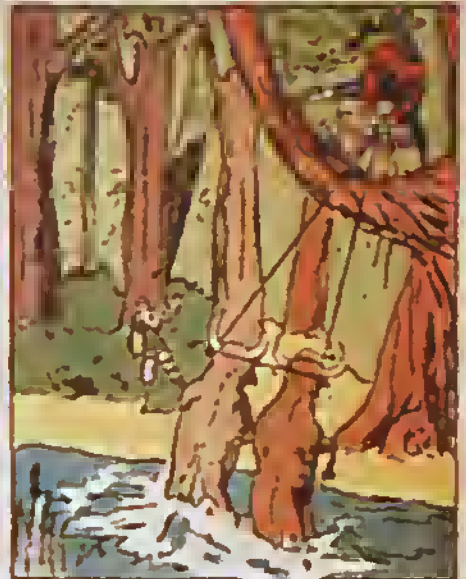
MISTER, YOU STAY HERE AWHILE 'AN
I'LL HELP YOU FIND THE POLECAT.



PAUL GOES DOWN TO THE SWAMPS
AND HELPS TO PULL THE OX TEAM OUT



LOOPING THE ROPE ABOUT THEIR
HORNS, HE PROCEEDS TO PULL THEM OUT



THEN, HANGING BY HIS FEET, SWINGS
THEM IN A LONG ARC ONTO SOLID
GROUND.



PAUL THEN TROTS BACK TO CAMP TO
VISIT THE OLD MAN.



GEE, MISTER, YOU LOOK
LIKE YOU SEEN A GHOST!



IT MUST BE OLSEN, THAT NEW GUY
I HIRED LAST WEEK. I GOTTA HAVE
WORDS WITH HIM!



HEY, OLSEN! C'MERE.
I WANNA TALK TO YOU!



TEN, MR. OLSEN,
YOU BEAT UP
OLD MAN?

NO, BOSS.
HONEST I
DIDN'T.

ARE YOU SURE?

LET ME GO.
I DIDN'T DO
IT. I SWEAR.
I DIDN'T!

ALRIGHT OLSEN. I BELIEVE YOU, BUT
YOU'LL HAVE TO CLEAR OUT BY THE
MORNIN' CAUSE YOU'RE NO GOOD!

O.K. BOSS I'LL GET
OUT. JUST LET
M-ME GO!

ON HIS WAY TO THE CAMP THAT
EVENING, PAUL HEARS A LOUD RUMPLUS.

SOMETHIN'S
GOIN' ON!

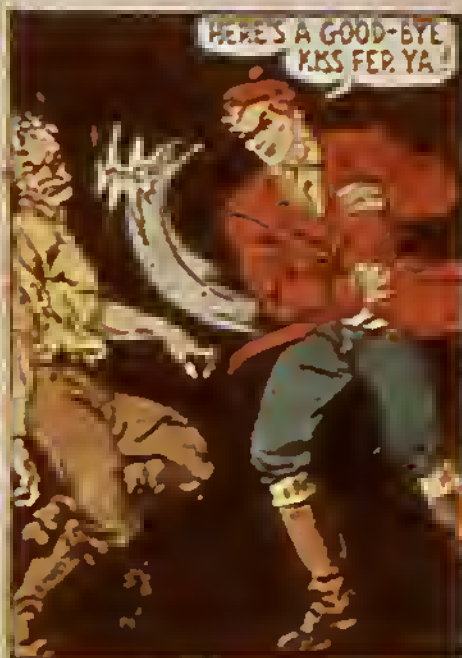
PAUL CRASHES IN THE DOOR AND
SEES OLSEN BEATING THE OLD MAN.

STOP, YOU DIRTY
POLECAT.

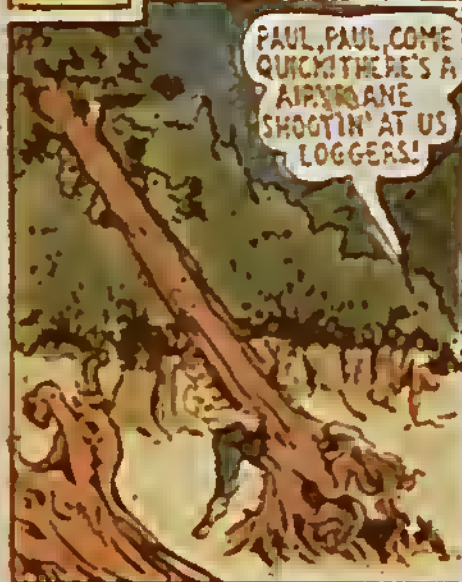
YOU AINT MY
BOSS NO MORE,
SO BEAT IT!

I'M COMIN'
AT YOU.
GET READY!





NEXT DAY, PAUL IS BUSY UPROOTING TREES.



THEY HURRY BACK TO THE SPOT WHERE THE MEN WERE BEING SHOT AT



THE PLANE DIVES, SPRAYING THE FOREST WITH BULLETS.

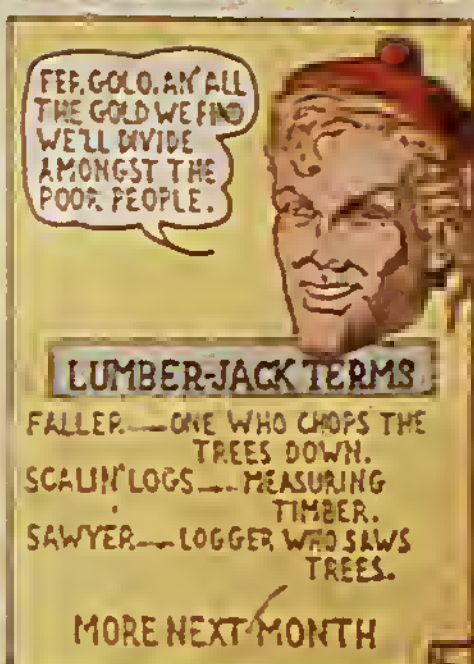


THE PLANE SWINGS INTO POSITION FOR ANOTHER ATTACK. PAUL SETS HIMSELF AND HURLS THE TREE HIGH INTO THE AIR.



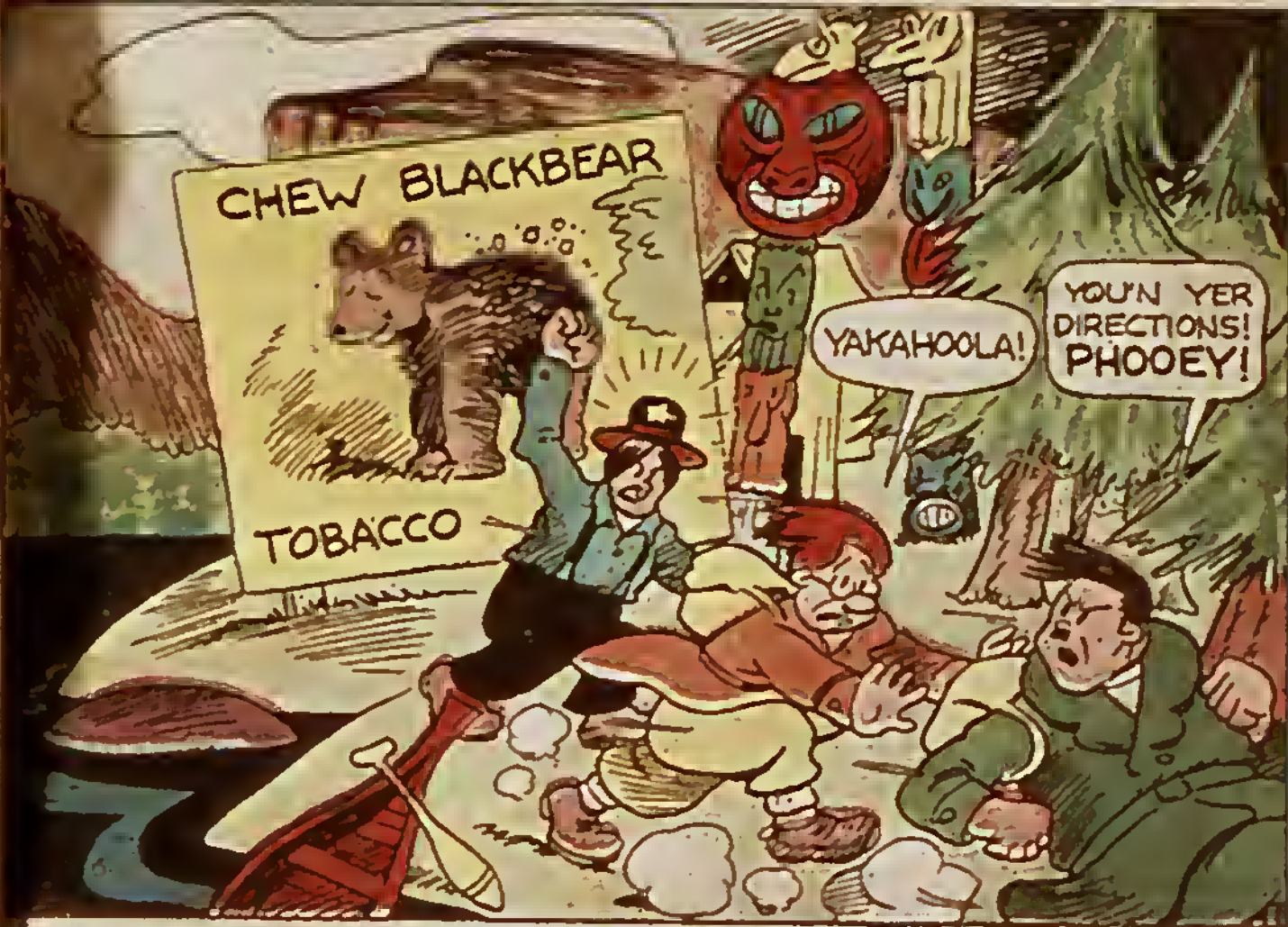
A LOUD CRASH FILLS THE AIR AS THE TREE SMASHES INTO THE PLANE.



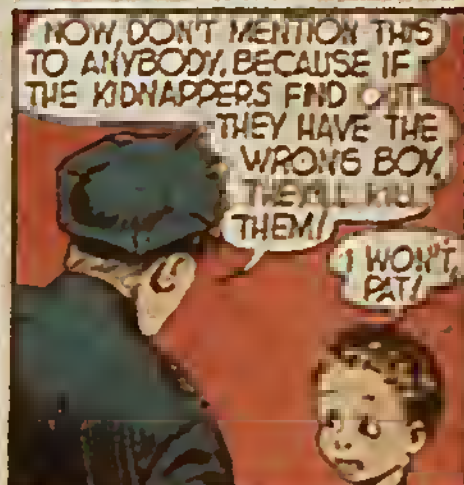
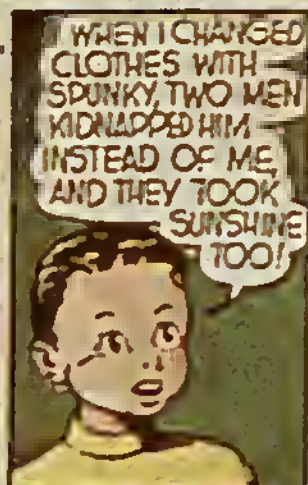


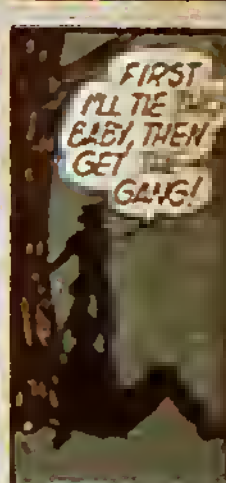
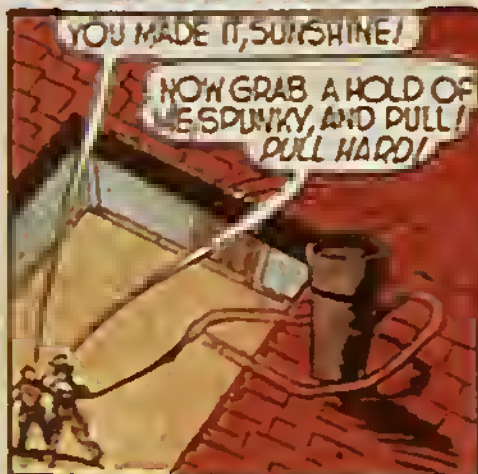
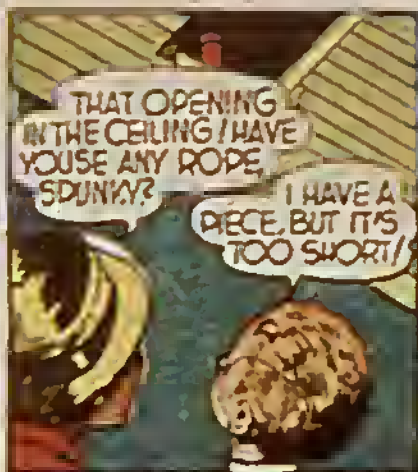


AND SO THEY
KE FOR THREE HOURS.

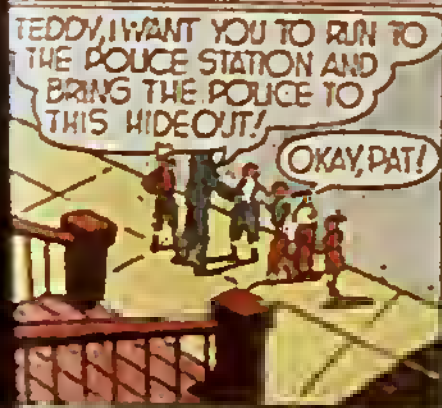








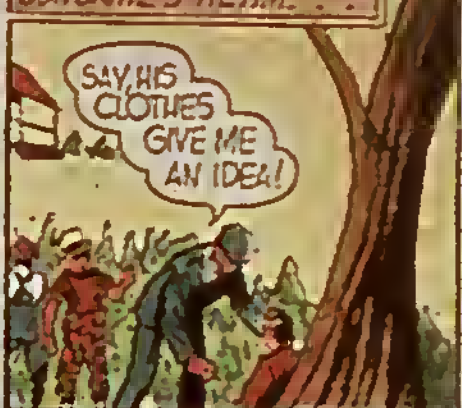
SUNSHINE RELATES HIS STORY...
WHEN DAT ISSUES ORDERS...



THE POLICE MAY ARRIVE TOO LATE, SO WE'RE GOING THERE RIGHT NOW! I'LL TAKE YOU ALL IN MY CAR!



THE LITTLE BAND FINDS SUNSHINE'S VICTIM...



SUNSHINE'S AIM IS TRUE...



NOT SO TOUGH WITHOUT A GUN EH?



THE OTHER KIDNADDERS DRAW THEIR GUNS...

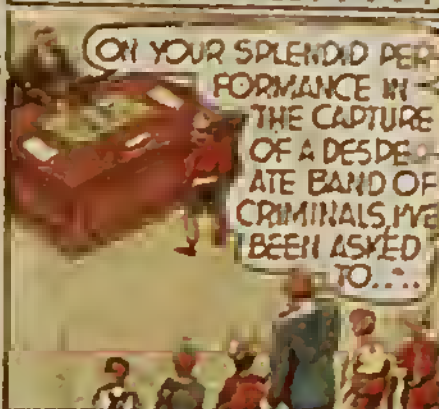




THEN TEDDY ARRIVES WITH THE POLICE WHO TAKE OVER THE SITUATION...



NEXT DAY IN THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...



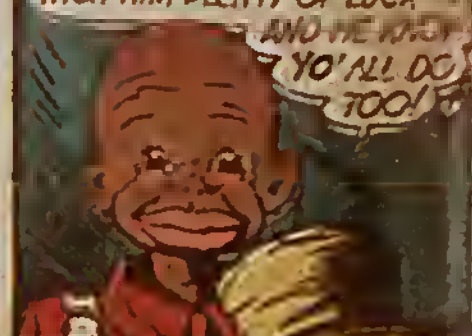
MAKE YOU A MEMBER OF THE KID PATROL! HERE IS YOUR BADGE, PERCY.



PAT TAKES THE WHOLE GANG TO THE SODA FOUNTAIN... AND HOW THEY EAT, AND HOW !!!



BOYS AND GIRLS, WE'VE JUST GOT A MESSAGE THAT PERCY'S GOIN' TO HOLLYWOOD AND BE WITH US NEXT ISSUE! WE WISH HIM PLENTY OF LUCK -



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